Commentary

Volume Fifty, Number Two, August 1970

The Question of Repression Walter Goodman

Holy, Holy, Holy... Dan Jacobson

Is History Dead? Milton Himmelfarb

Jacques Ellul: An Appreciation Robert A. Nisbet

The Non-Generation Gap S.M. Lipset & Earl Raab

On Noël Coward Jack Richardson

"Matzpen" & Its Sponsors Carl Gershman

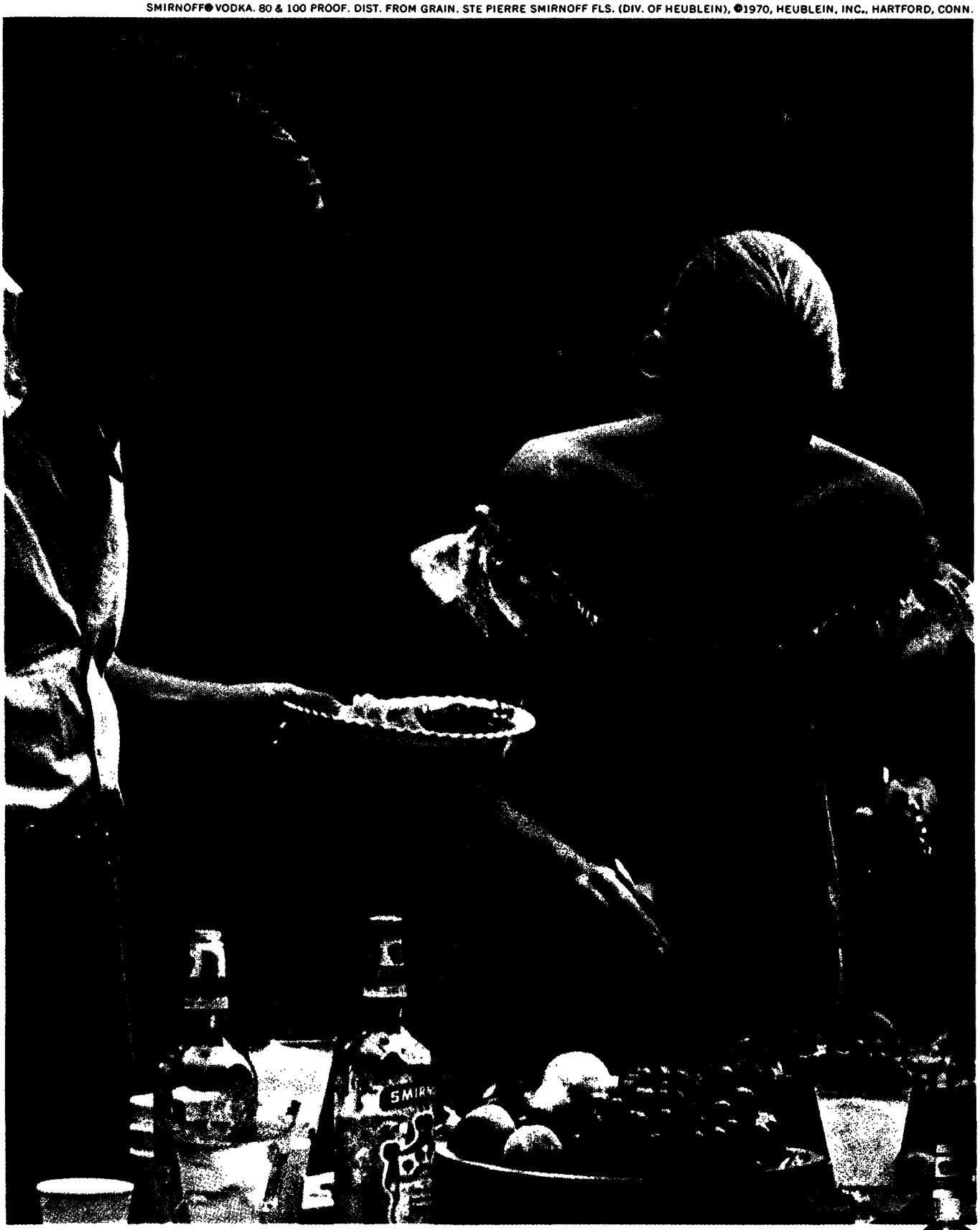
Issues Norman Podhoretz

Books in Review
Stephen Donadio on Zelda Fitzgerald
Midge Decter on David T. Bazelon
also: Nathan Glazer, Anthony Hartley, Irving Greenberg

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SMIRNOFF® VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DIST. FROM GRAIN. STE PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN), ©1970, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

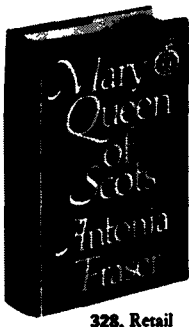


Smirnoff people splurge...

On the pure, sweet pleasure of living. Sure it costs more for the best of foods and the lightest of liquors. But in the Smirnoff life style, that's what money's for. And when Smirnoff people sit down to lunch, who's going to audit a grocery list?

***Smirnoff** leaves you breathless.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



328. Retail price $10

101. PRESENT AT THE CREATION: My Years in the State Department *by* DEAN ACHESON Photographs (Retail price $12.50)

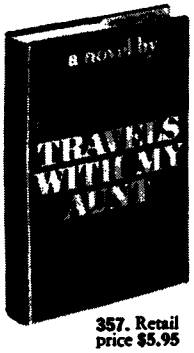
484. THE 900 DAYS The Siege of Leningrad *by* HARRISON E. SALISBURY Photographs (Retail price $10)

406. LOCAL ANAESTHETIC *by* GUENTER GRASS (Retail price $6.95)

107. THE WAY THINGS WORK: An Illustrated Encyclopedia of Technology (Retail price $9.95)

234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illustrated (Retail price $15)

250. THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN *by* MICHAEL CRICHTON (Retail price $5.95)



357. Retail price $5.95

THESE THREE BOOKS COUNT AS ONE CHOICE

174. IN SOMEONE'S SHADOW, LISTEN TO THE WARM, STANYAN STREET & OTHER SORROWS *by* ROD MCKUEN (Retail prices total $13.50)

254. A QUIET VOYAGE HOME *by* RICHARD JESSUP (Retail price $5.95)

267. CITY LIFE *by* DONALD BARTHELME (Retail price $5.95)

292. LAST THINGS *by* C. P. SNOW (Retail price $7.95)

251. TIME AND AGAIN *by* JACK FINNEY (Retail price $7.95)

276. VITAL PARTS *by* THOMAS BERGER (Retail price $6.95)

504. THE BODY HAS A HEAD *by* GUSTAV ECKSTEIN (Retail price $12.50)

AN INVITATION TO READERS
who may have considered membership in the
BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

CHOOSE ANY THREE

of the books shown on this page

FOR ONLY $1

IN A SHORT EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP

You agree to buy three additional Club Selections or Alternates within a year at special members' prices

All books distributed by the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB are identical to the publishers' editions

201. Retail price $6.95

510. ZELDA *by* NANCY MILFORD. Photos (Retail price $10)

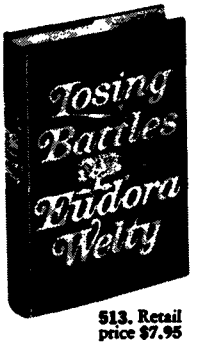
111. ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A Life Story *by* CARLOS BAKER. Photos (Retail price $10)

THESE TWO BOOKS COUNT AS ONE CHOICE

200. HOW CHILDREN LEARN *and* HOW CHILDREN FAIL *by* JOHN HOLT (Retail prices total $9.45).

390. 536 PUZZLES & CURIOUS PROBLEMS *by* HENRY ERNEST DUDENEY. Illustrated (Retail price $7.95)

104. MISS CRAIG'S 21-DAY SHAPE-UP PROGRAM: For Men & Women. *Illustrated* (Retail price $6.95)

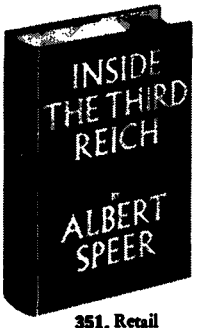


513. Retail price $7.95

260. THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS (Retail price $11)

314. I KNOW WHY THE CAGED BIRD SINGS *by* MAYA ANGELOU (Retail price $5.95)

283. HUEY LONG *by* T. HARRY WILLIAMS Photographs (Retail price $12.50)



351. Retail price $12.50

319. THE COLLAPSE OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC: An Inquiry into the Fall of France in 1940 *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER Maps. (Retail price $12.50)

185. STONEHENGE DECODED *by* GERALD S. HAWKINS *with* JOHN B. WHITE Illustrated (Retail price $5.95)

414. IBERIA: Spanish Travels and Reflections *by* JAMES A. MICHENER Photographs (Retail price $10)

233. THE JOYS OF YIDDISH *by* LEO ROSTEN (Retail price $10)

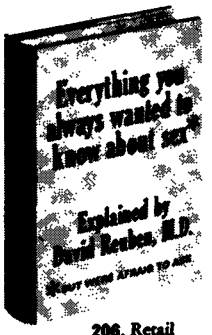
488. COUPLES *by* JOHN UPDIKE (Retail price $6.95)

250. JENNIE: The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill *by* RALPH G. MARTIN Photographs (Retail price $8.95)

493. FIRE FROM HEAVEN *by* MARY RENAULT (Retail price $7.95)

329. THE HISTORY OF PSYCHIATRY *by* F. G. ALEXANDER, M.D. *and* S. T. SELESNICK, M.D. Illustrated (Retail price $11.95)

140. THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D. 3rd revised edition *Illustrated* (Retail price $9.95)



206. Retail price $6.95

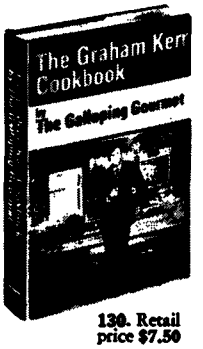
381. ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT Illustrated (Retail price $15)

127. THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST. *Edited by* EDWARD CONNERY LATHEM (Retail price $10.95)

431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER. Maps (Retail price $15)

387. THE NAKED APE *by* DESMOND MORRIS (Retail price $5.95)

116. DISRAELI *by* ROBERT BLAKE. Illustrated (Retail price $12.50)



130. Retail price $7.50

580. MASTERING THE ART OF FRENCH COOKING *by* JULIA CHILD, LOUISETTE BERTHOLLE, SIMONE BECK Illustrated (Retail price $10)

149. THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY *by* WILL DURANT (Retail price $6)

161. JOY OF COOKING *by* IRMA S. ROMBAUER *and* MARION R. BECKER Illustrated (Retail price $6.95)

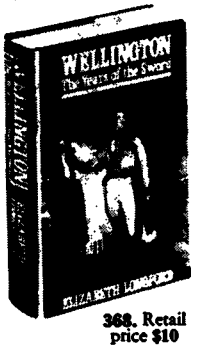
191. THE ANDERSON TAPES *by* LAWRENCE SANDERS (Retail price $5.95)

505. PLUCHE OR THE LOVE OF ART *by* JEAN DUTOURD (Retail price $5.95)

258. A HISTORY OF THE JEWS *by* ABRAM LEON SACHAR (Retail price $10)

323. UP THE ORGANIZATION *by* ROBERT TOWNSEND (Retail price $5.95)

241. THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER *by* GAY TALESE Photographs (Retail price $10)



368. Retail price $10

295. A BEGGAR IN JERUSALEM *by* ELIE WIESEL (Retail price $5.95)

280. THE AGE OF VOLTAIRE *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT. Illustrated (Retail price $15)

355. THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT *by* WILLIAM MANCHESTER Charts and maps (Retail price $10)

133. THE HUMAN ZOO *by* DESMOND MORRIS (Retail price $6.95)

171. Retail price $6.95

A LIBRARY-BUILDING PLAN EVERY READING FAMILY SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will prove, *by your own actual experience*, how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can keep you from missing books you fully intend to read.

As long as you remain a member, you will receive, each month, the Book-of-the-Month Club *News*, which describes the monthly Selection as well as scores of other important books, most of which are available at substantial discounts—up to 40% on more expensive volumes. All of these books are **identical in every respect to the publishers' editions.** There is no obligation to purchase any particular volume, and a convenient instruction form is provided each month so that instead of the Selection you may order an Alternate—or no book at all, if you wish.

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for every Book-of-the-Month Club Selection or Alternate you buy*, a Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.00 or $1.50**—somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes or sets—will entitle you to a Book-Dividend® which you may choose from over 100 fine library volumes available over the year. This unique library-building system, together with the sizable discounts on Selections and Alternates, enables members to save **over 60%** of what they would otherwise have to pay for books they are eager to read.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
280 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017 **A33-8**

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the three volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $1.00 for all three volumes. I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after buying these three books. A postage and handling charge is added to all book shipments.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT [ ] [ ] [ ]

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address..... **0-55**

City & State..... *Zip*.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commentary

VOLUME 50 NUMBER 2 *AUGUST 1970*

Articles
23 The Question of Repression *Walter Goodman*
29 Holy, Holy, Holy . . . *Dan Jacobson*
35 The Non-Generation Gap *S. M. Lipset & Earl Raab*
40 The Grand Illusion: An Appreciation of Jacques Ellul *Robert A. Nisbet*

In the Community
45 Is History Dead? *Milton Himmelfarb*

Observations
50 The Working Theater *Jack Richardson*
52 "Matzpen" & Its Sponsors *Carl Gershman*

Issues
21 Like Fathers, Like Sons *Norman Podhoretz*

Letters
4 from *George Dennison, John Holt, Ronald Walters, Charles Weingartner, Samuel McCracken, Michael Walzer,* and others

Books in Review
54 Zelda. A Biography, by Nancy Milford *Stephen Donadio*
60 Social Policy, MAY/JUNE 1970 *Nathan Glazer*
64 Birth Control in Jewish Law, by David M. Feldman *Irving Greenberg*
67 Notebooks of a Dilettante, by Leopold Tyrmand *Anthony Hartley*
69 Nothing But A Fine Tooth Comb, by David T. Bazelon *Midge Decter*

Editor: Norman Podhoretz
Executive Editor: Neal Kozodoy
Managing Editor: Marion Magid
Associate Editors: Brenda Brown, Maier Deshell
Contributing Editors: Milton Himmelfarb, George Lichtheim
Editorial Secretary: Susan Zimmerman
General Manager: Martin Edelston
Circulation Manager: Ronald Greene
Production Manager: Bruce Lodi
Typography: Ira Teichberg
Cover: The Drawing Board, Inc.

COMMENTARY is published monthly by the American Jewish Committee—Single copy is $1.00; $10 a year; 3 years $27; 5 years $39.50—Add $1.50 per year for foreign postage charge—Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

Copyright © 1970 by the American Jewish Committee; all rights reserved under International and Pan American Copyright Conventions—Indexed in Readers' Guide, Book Review Digest, Public Affairs Information Service, and Index to Jewish Periodicals—*Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.*

EDITORIAL & BUSINESS OFFICES: 165 E. 56th St., New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How free can a checking account be?

What do we mean by "free?"

We mean that you can write all the checks you please, free.

We mean that we don't charge you for deposits.

We mean that you pay nothing for monthly statements.

We mean there is no charge for imprinting your name on your checks.

We mean we even pay postage so you can do all your banking by mail, free.

We also mean that you only have to keep a minimum average collected monthly balance of $200.*

How free can a checking account be?

At the bank you feel related to, it's more free than anywhere else.

*A service charge of $3. will be made only for each month your average collected balance falls below $200, and you can still write all the checks you please.

IDB

Israel Discount Bank Limited

Main New York office: 511 Fifth Avenue / Branch: 1350 Broadway, New York / TN 7-1080

Total assets exceed $900,000,000.

Licensed by the New York State Banking Dept.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Statement of Aims

In sponsoring COMMENTARY, the American Jewish Committee aims to meet the need for a journal of significant thought and opinion on Jewish affairs and contemporary issues. Its pages will be hospitable to diverse points of view and belief, and it hopes to encourage original creative endeavor in the various fields of culture. The opinions and views expressed by COMMENTARY's contributors and editors are their own, and do not necessarily express the Committee's viewpoint or position. The sponsorship of COMMENTARY by the Committee is in line with its general program to enlighten and clarify public opinion on problems of Jewish concern, to fight bigotry and protect human rights, and to promote Jewish cultural interest and creative achievement in America.

AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE
Philip E. Hoffman, *President*

The Commentary Publication Committee

Eli M. Black, *Chairman*
Charles D. Breitel
Maxwell Dane
Edward E. Elson
Richard C. Ernst
Maurice Glinert
Sydney M. Kaye
Lewis J. Laventhol
Ned Pines
Frederick P. Rose
David Sher
John Slawson
Roger Sonnabend
Harry Steiner
Alan M. Stroock
Laurence A. Tisch
Ben Touster

Letters from Readers

Schools & Teaching

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Samuel McCracken gives me high praise in his article on the libertarian movement in education ["Quackery in the Classroom," June], and I can't help but be grateful, but his piece as a whole is intemperate to the point of wildness, and seriously misrepresents the movement. He is terribly at fault in devoting all but two pages of a long article to attacking unimportant errors and attitudes, and in neglecting utterly the work of writers he himself seems to esteem: Edgar Z. Friedenberg, Paul Goodman, A. S. Neill. Sylvia Ashton-Warner, too, is included in the anthology McCracken uses as a framework for his observations, but her contribution to the libertarian movement is not mentioned. Nor does McCracken discuss Dewey, Tolstoy, or Whitehead, or the holistic tradition that comes to the movement through Goodman, or the psychoanalytic influence through both Goodman and Neill. Rather, he works himself into a lather over peripheral errors, vague threats to high culture, and the dreamy rejection of tradition by the young (whom I have always found, face to face, quite convertible on this score). His unwarranted attack on John Holt is of a piece with this preference for sarcasm and straw figures, for he tells us that Holt's work contains "any number of exceptionally keen insights into the learning process," and then rather than say what these are, and how they figure in the movement, passes on to some two or three minor points of Holt's—on further, in fact, to their implications—which he then spends a great deal of time attacking. This is indefensible in one who bills his observations as "a review of the movement."

I cannot say here all that McCracken should have said had he meant seriously to review the movement. He should certainly have mentioned that part of it which consists of a critique of our present system; and the part (the most interesting intellectually) that deals with the nature of perception, learning, and growth, and which draws upon Gestalt psychology and Gestalt therapy; and, finally, the part (larger and more varied than many realize) that consists of present activity, e.g., the forming of free schools, the political and legal attacks on the school bureaucracy, the joining of educational and community issues. That there are thousands of children, parents, teachers young and old (mostly young) involved in this movement, working for the most part earnestly, and often courageously, seems never to have crossed McCracken's mind. These are the ones who make immediate use, for instance, of Holt's keen insights. Where Holt writes and speaks in order to serve them and bring about change, McCracken reduces everything to a mere mental form, and then renders his own argument insignificant by refusing to engage the stronger voices.

My own experience with young teachers in the movement (I have talked by now with many hundreds) has been heartening. There are fantasists among them, and escapists, but (so I judge) relatively few. Many have been impressive, some remarkable, for goodness and strength of character, and many have understood that what they are engaged in lies right at the heart of social revolution, precisely as Kropotkin understood it. This sense of present work (and of human beings) is quite absent from McCracken's review. I think if he were more familiar with the lived experience, he would not feel obliged to deplore the influence of theoreticians who are not, in fact, influential. He would discover that the writers he esteems (but does not deal with) are esteemed in the movement, and are dealt with. And he would certainly be chastened in his treatment of Holt, for he would see with his eyes what a more generous logic might have told him: that it takes a long time to assimilate, in action, Holt's "exceptionally keen insights," and that this process is not impeded by the ambiguity of a few of Holt's anecdotes.

What McCracken is really writing about, it seems—or what he wants to write about—is the question of the transmission of high culture, and the present wide-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One college does more than broaden horizons. It sails to them, and beyond.

Now there's a way for your sons and daughters to know the world around them first-hand. A way for them to see things they've read about, and study as they go. A college that uses the Parthenon as a classroom for a lecture on Greece, and illustrates Hong Kong's floating societies with a ride on a harbor sampan.

Chapman College's World Campus Afloat enrolls two groups of 500 students every year and opens up the world for them. Their campus is the s.s. Ryndam, equipped with modern educational facilities and a fine faculty. They have a complete study curriculum as they go. And earn a fully-accredited semester while at sea.

Chapman College is now accepting enrollments for Fall '70 and Spring '71 semesters. Fall semesters depart New York for port stops in the Mediterranean and Latin America, ending in Los Angeles. Spring semesters circle the world from Los Angeles, stopping in Asia and Africa and ending in New York.

The world is there. The way to show it to inquiring minds is there. And financial aid programs are there, too. Send for our catalog with the coupon below.

s.s. Ryndam is of Netherlands registry.

WORLD CAMPUS AFLOAT
Director of Admissions
Chapman College, Orange, Calif. 92666

Please send your catalog and any other material we need to know.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Phone ( )
Area Code

Send material to: ☐ Parent ☐ Student ☐ Both
We are interested in ☐ Fall ☐ Spring 197___
☐ We would like to talk to a representative of World Campus Afloat.

Please furnish following student and school information.

Mr.
Miss
Mrs.
Student's last name First Initial

Name of School

Campus Address Street

City State Zip

Campus Phone ( )
Area Code

Year in School Approx. GPA on 4.0 scale

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spread (among the young) rejection of tradition. These are important subjects. But he should deal with them directly, then, and not subvert this other investigation for the sake of a few diatribes.

GEORGE DENNISON

Temple, Maine

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Samuel McCracken did not even get my name straight. He is suffering *sic*-ness unto death. . . . That COMMENTARY should carry such a piece is analogous to Lindsay's seconding Agnew's nomination. At least Lindsay has publicly apologized for that.

CHARLES WEINGARTNER

Department of Education
Queens College
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The movement for freedom and choice in education exists and grows in action as well as words. One cannot well understand the words unless he is part of the action.

The people in the movement are each other's friends, colleagues, allies, and teachers. These implied factions and splits do not exist. When we argue, as we sometimes do, we learn from each other.

I have no differences that seem to me important with Paul Goodman. As for George Dennison, on everything in his book, he and I agree; where Mr. McCracken says we differ, as he could easily have found out, we agree most strongly of all.

People who talk of "defining" education are only talking about what they want. Most people define education as sculpture, making children what we want them to be. I and others in this movement define it as gardening, helping children to grow and to find what they want to be.

I do know of Noam Chomsky and his work; I consider him an ally.

Elementary (also secondary and university) education is indeed a nightmare. Those who think so ought to help those of us who are trying to change it.

JOHN HOLT

Boston, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Throughout Samuel McCracken's excellent diagnosis of the season's educational romanticism runs a line of small eruptions indicating that the doctor himself has contracted a touch of the plague:

- viewing elementary and secondary education as almost unrelieved nightmare;
- believing that the educational establishment might not be staffed by people some of whom themselves are observant parents;
- failing to detect much difference in the running of enlightened schools and enlightened prisons;
- supposing that the desperation of the "malady" is educational;
- charging high schools with promulgating shoddy orthodoxies;
- inclining to believe that the conspicuous failure is the public school's. . . .

The army of teachers and administrators in the United States, or in the rest of the world for that matter, ranges from heroes to drudges. Some try, some don't. Some don't care. But some do! Contrary to the big and little lies, many of the ideas urged upon schools by the season's innovators are old hats that turned out not to fit. Being in a classroom day after day with only small success is no fun. When Holt, or Dennison, or McCracken perhaps, does for overcoming reading disability what Jonas Salk did for polio, the army of educators, drudges, and bureaucrats will line up for a shot of the stuff. Even for a teacher, success is less depressing than failure. And who can really claim to see hate in a teacher's heart that is not in his own eye?

IRVING KOHN

New York City

MR. MCCRACKEN writes:

I remain grateful to George Dennison, the author of *The Lives of Children*, and believe that his letter raises, as one might have expected, substantial questions. But I also believe that he has in part misinterpreted my essay, and that most of his objections, even if substantial, are irrelevant.

Mr. Dennison has read into my fairly offhand statement of intent —"I shall try, accordingly, to review the movement as much as the book"—a "billing" of the piece. The statement seems to me sufficiently hedged about so as not to promise to evaluate so complex a phenomenon in 15,000 words. A minimum attempt at a complete and just review would, in my opinion, require me to have done all that I have done, all that Dennison says I ought to have done, and much more. Having previously identified the need, and having had it confirmed by Mr. Dennison, I have now begun a book on the subject.

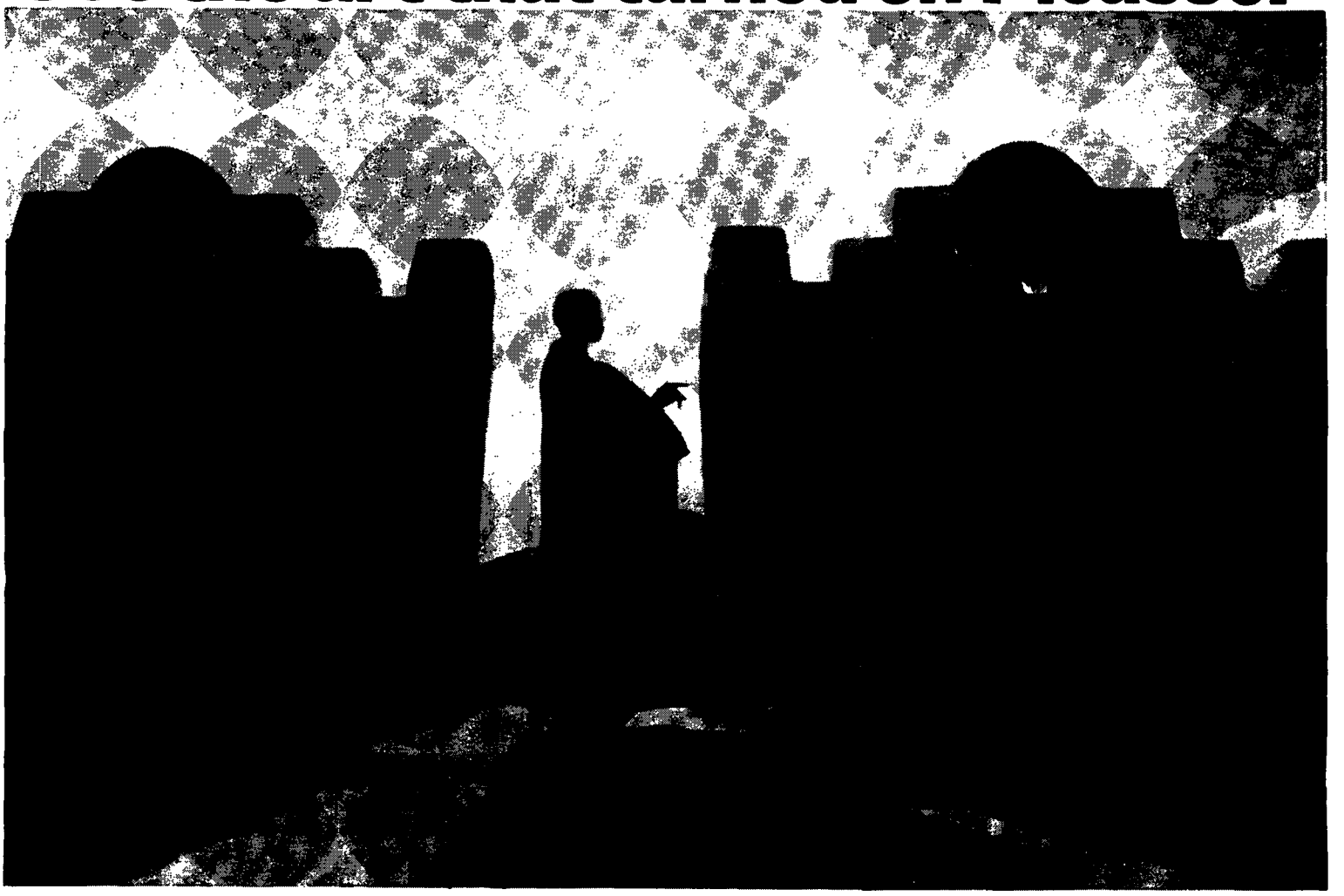
To attempt to meet Mr. Dennison's specific objections: I believe I did take note of a number of John Holt's keen insights, e.g., his analyses of children's game-playing strategies, his understanding of the need to start at the level of children's ignorance and confusion, his sensitive comprehension of the brutalization too often implicit in the best of schools, his persuasively argued attack on compulsory attendance. These insights, and others, as I have said, entitle him to considerable respect.

My disagreement with Mr. Holt is very largely based on his understanding of curriculum, and what I see as an unfortunate tendency—increasing with time—toward simplistic solutions to very complex problems, e.g., the open-admissions problem. I hardly consider the question of curriculum as "peripheral," any more than does Mr. Holt, and I maintain that if he is to use the obsolescence-of-knowledge argument, the anecdotes with which he supports it ought to be accurate and relevant. A substantial portion of his support for the attack on curriculum seems to me simply false, and I cannot quietly assume that he must be right, whatever the ambiguity of his anecdotes.

That there are thousands of children, parents, and teachers involved in the movement crosses my mind pretty frequently, and that they are earnest, courageous, indeed impressive for goodness of strength and character, I freely concede. None of these qualities speaks to the correctness of the beliefs animating all that earnestness, courage, and goodness of character. The same encomiums might be made of thousands of people in, say, the Republican party, or even in movements Mr. Dennison would join me in deploring. That John Holt writes and speaks to serve these admirable people I am also willing to concede. But Mr. Holt's altruism is hardly the question here, and as recent European history sug-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

See the art that turned on Picasso.



You can see the influence of African art in the portraits of Picasso's cubist phase.

You can see its colors and broad strokes in the work of Ferdinand Leger.

You can even see the impact of it in those strange, marvelous long faces of Modigliani.

To understand why this art had such a tremendous effect on many of the great artists of the twentieth century, take a look around South Africa.

Not far from Pretoria, for instance, you can stop at the N'debele village, where masterly women artists create abstract, geometric murals on the walls of their houses. As well as weaving exotic beadwork and dyeing their blankets with breathtaking color combinations.

Or while you're in Kimberley, visit the Bantu Museum. It's different from American museums. Here you can actually pick up fantastic masks, sculpture, pottery, and examine them at close range, feel their shape and weight. Which gives you intimate, exciting insight into these works.

Of course, you'll want to bring home examples of African art and artifacts. And you can. In the shops and the Indian Market you'll find masks. Pottery. Weaving. Stone sculpture. Wood sculpture (artists work in woods of different colors and hardness, producing a wide variety of interesting subjects). You can even take home a warrior's shield as tall as a man.

Prices are incredibly low. Walk off with a Zulu axe for $2. Or an African mask for 1/10th of what it would cost in the U.S.

Interestingly enough, these low prices apply not just to art, but to everything.

A tourist can live quite comfortably here for $10 a day.

This means that vintage wines, for instance, cost you a mere 75c-85c per bottle.

And along with the vintage wines, you'll find all the other comforts of contemporary life.

In fact, South Africa is almost unique in its striking contrasts. With its modern cities -- like Johannesburg, Durban, Cape Town – you'll discover *both* primitive life *and* present-day luxury.

Fastest, easiest way to get there is with South African Airways. A Boeing 707 Stratojet will wing you down from New York via the most direct route.

Your travel agent will help you get the most out of your stay. See him. And let him paint you a picture of what you can see and do there.

SAA
SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

Come with us.
A little off the beaten track.

605 Fifth Ave., New York, 10017/606 S. Olive Street, Los Angeles, 90014/323 Geary Street, San Francisco, 94102 Royal Trust Tower, Suite 2610, Toronto Dominion Centre, Toronto 111, Canada

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The massive forces of change seem to be moving toward an organizational gigantism and standardization that undermine the values of individuality. The depersonalization of existence is not only a threat but a constant reality.... Hence springs the crisis of the human person."

—MELVIN RADER

Individuality and the New Society

Edited by Abraham Kaplan

Six distinguished spokesmen from the fields of biology, economics, philosophy, psychology, government, and political sociology discuss ways of preserving individuality and free expression in a society dominated by technology and bureaucracy and shaken by disillusionment and dissent.

Abraham Kaplan
Kenneth Keniston
René Dubos
Lionel Robbins
Milton Friedman
Seymour Martin Lipset

220 pages. $5.95
At leading booksellers

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON PRESS
Seattle and London

gests, altruism is not always enough.

The precise nature of the crime of reducing everything to *mere* mental form escapes me. Is it aggravated Platonism? The evidence for my peccability seems to be that I do not write or speak as one having authority, like John Holt. Guilty, your honor.

If I understand Mr. Dennison correctly, he next chides me for deploring the influence of theoreticians on the ground that they are not really influential. There is some difficulty with reconciling this claim with the Holt whose insights have such effect in the world of the "lived experience." Theoreticians, it would seem, run the risk of counter-theoreticians. Publish and be damned, as someone once said.

I presume that the "lived experience" with which I am not familiar is that of the movement itself, rather than of life. My familiarity with the experience, while somewhat more than nil, is hardly enough to serve as the basis for an article on the experience. That is why I did not write an article on it. Greater familiarity with the movement *in situ* might well increase my respect for Mr. Holt's insights, insights I have already found valuable. Whether it would alter my attitude toward his total philosophy of education is another question. My limited contact with the deeds of the movement has not inclined me more easily to accept its words. (Incidentally, generosity, or the lack of it, is not the quality I would associate with logic.)

I *am* writing about (among other things) the transmission of culture and the rejection of tradition, subjects I am more convinced than Mr. Dennison are central to education. But it was, after all, John Holt who first raised the issue of cultural transmission. What Mr. Holt is writing about, it seems—or what he wants to write about—is learning theory, especially the temporal and spatial environments in which learning can take place. These are important subjects. But he should deal with them directly, and not subvert this investigation for the sake of a few diatribes. *The Lives of Children* remains a superb example of how the investigation may proceed without the diatribes.

Mr. Holt's implied dictum—that before one can criticize the revolution, one must join it—would be, if valid, a useful defense against attack. But unless he expects critics to go undercover for the purposes of research, I am at a loss to understand how he imagines that anyone can earn the right to criticize him. I for one am not yet ready to go out into another cold, having waited long enough to come in out of the one I'm in now.

Mr. Holt's characterization of the movement as one for "freedom and choice in education" wraps it in a mantle of intent which no one is likely to criticize; the problem, of course, is the extent to which such options are compatible with the goal of education. At an extreme, the exercise of an option not to be educated removes freedom and choice from the universe occupied by education.

After re-reading my essay apurpose, I am still unable to discover any implications of the factionalism which Mr. Holt assures us does exist. I do remark that I respect Paul Goodman (which is hardly to say that I agree with him) and suggest that I find George Dennison as he appears in *The Lives of Children* a more stimulating thinker and persuasive writer than Mr. Holt himself. I'm sorry about that, but I insist on exercising the consumer's option: I'll be damned if I'll buy the whole movement in a package, even with Mr. Holt's assurances that it's one big happy family.

Throughout Mr. Holt's letter runs the indication that the educational establishment has affinities with its disestablished mirror twin. As anyone who has ever criticized the public schools well knows, that establishment's favorite epithet for the outside critic is "enemy of public education." Which is to require us outsiders to buy the package or nothing. The tactic has served the educationists admirably, and I am sorry to see it adopted by one school of its critics.

It was, of course, unforgivably careless and rude of me to have misspelled Professor Weingartner's name. (Apparently, I misread it when first I read, and have, ever since, in the interests of efficiency, neglected to pass beyond the -gart-.) I am heartily sorry for having offended, but am not aware that any really crucial argument hung on the spelling.

I am distressed by Professor Weingartner's easy equation of a partisan political act (seconding

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENTARY IS NOT A MASS MAGAZINE

In ten years our circulation has quadrupled. Yet today, we could still squeeze all our subscribers into Yankee Stadium. But what an extraordinary gathering it would be, including the most informed, articulate, influential and accomplished people in the English-speaking world.

They would be a varied group, ranging politically from Dwight Macdonald (who says that *"Commentary* is, for 'keeping up,' much the best of the monthlies and quarterlies, in fact the best for any purposes"), to Clare Booth Luce (who calls *Commentary* the only literate magazine published in America).

An impressive delegation from Washington would be there too—ranging from occupants of the White House to some of their most severe critics on Capitol Hill.

Commentary, as the name implies, is a magazine of opinion concerned with everything of interest to people of intelligence, taste, and curiosity. Its aim is to clarify issues, analyze problems, encourage original thinking, and spark honest debate.

Obviously, to earn the high regard of so many highly regarded people it must also aim for excellence. It had better be challenging, literate, and unafraid of controversy. *Commentary* is. It must avoid platitudes, pat answers, and easy solutions. *Commentary* does. Its contributors must be among the most lucid and pertinent experts anywhere. They are.

In any issue you might find Michael Harrington, Daniel P. Moynihan, or Bayard Rustin exploring serious problems of the moment.

Or contemporary historians like Theodore Draper and George Lichtheim, going below the surface of urgent questions and setting them in an illuminating long-range perspective.

Or such penetrating literary critics as Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling, and Leslie A. Fiedler. Jack Richardson, one of America's foremost younger playwrights, reviews the theater for us. America's most important fiction writers appear in our pages: Saul Bellow, Bernard Malamud, Philip Roth, and James Baldwin among them.

Commentary is probably the only magazine in the world that has sparked the formation of discussion groups. Over one hundred of them meet each month to discuss and argue the contents of our magazine.

Commentary was initiated two decades ago by the American Jewish Committee to make a significant contribution to serious publishing in America. It is still published by the Committee. But, now as then, it does not serve any parochial interest. *Commentary* was ecumenical long before Vatican II, and remains, as *The New York Times* describes it, "an exciting and important forum for coherent ideas about the whole American culture. . . ."

It should be apparent to you that *Commentary* is not a magazine for everyone. It requires intelligence, and the willingness to use all you have. But because *Commentary* is unique, we are making an unusual introductory offer.

A year's subscription, 12 monthly issues, costs $10 ($12 at the newsstands). A 6-month subscription costs $5.50. However, if you think you would like to join the select circle of *Commentary* readers, we'll send you your first copy free.

If the first issue is everything we say it is and you want to continue getting it, do nothing. We'll start your subscription with the second issue you receive. If you decide *Commentary* is too much for you after reading the first issue, tell us. We'll refund your money in full.

You have nothing to lose and a great magazine to gain.

SEE FOR YOURSELF...
SIGN UP HERE (FOR YOU OR A FRIEND)

Commentary Magazine 165 East 56th Street New York, N.Y. 10022

Gentlemen:

I accept your challenge and your offer. Send me the current issue of *Commentary* free, and enter my subscription. If at any time I decide that *Commentary* is not for me, I'll let you know. You'll refund the balance plus a quarter to reimburse me for my postage, time, and trouble.

☐ 6 months $5.50 ☐ 3 years $27.00 ☐ Check attached
☐ 12 months $10.00 ☐ 5 years $39.95 ☐ Please bill me
(Outside U.S.A. add $1.50 per year)

Name_____

Address_____

City _____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Agnew nomination) with the maintenance of public discourse (publishing my essay), and would be disturbed by such a confusion even were I an Agnew fan. At any rate, I take it that the only item in the essay with which Professor Weingartner wishes to take issue is my spelling of his name, which I quite agree is atrocious. I am therefore delighted (not to say astounded) to find us otherwise in full harmony.

Inasmuch as my essay rates with Mr. Kohn 87.5 per cent of a cheer higher than democracy did with E. M. Forster, I am diffident about exposing him to my eruptions once again. But I must say that I maintain my dismal view of the state of education, based as it is on a good many years' observation and rumination. It is just the dreadful status quo which makes the romantics plausible prescribers.

But Mr. Kohn is quite right to say that even in an army staggering blindly through the night to it knows not what destiny, there are bound to be quite a few good soldiers. No one could wish more than I that they could bring those batons out of the knapsack.

The Church

To the Editor of Commentary:

Norman Gall's "Latin America: The Church Militant" [April] deserves praise although it contains some errors and misleading statements.

First, the Church in Argentina broke with Perón only after he changed his policy of accommodation with it, took control of education away from the Church, and permitted civil divorce. The Church aided and abetted Perón as long as he did not challenge it.

Second, Mr. Gall does not mention the Church's stand on birth control. Here the Church is less concerned with the welfare of the people than with adhering to its dogma and to Papal pronouncements. The population explosion in Latin America is one of the continent's most pressing problems, and pleas for social justice are of little avail unless this aspect of Latin American life is attacked fearlessly. . . .

We should also know that even in Mexico, where the Church is under many restrictions, . . . a presbyter of the Cathedral, Salamon Calderon, can write and publish monographs calling for the revival of the Holy Office of the Inquisition. . . . There are still many priests in Latin American countries who urge their parishioners to support conservative Presidential candidates. The militancy of the clergy and some monks in two or three countries should not obscure the fact that the various national councils of bishops continue their alignment with the conservative oligarchies.

Seymour B. Liebman
Miami, Florida

To the Editor of Commentary:

Norman Gall fails to bring out the great responsibility of the Church for the illiteracy, the backwardness, and the feudalism that exist in Latin America. The Church sided with the Spanish robber barons and strongly opposed the independence of Latin America. After independence, the Church blessed all the dictators as long as they respected her wealth and privileges and her monopoly of education. . . .

But my greatest disappointment with Mr. Gall's article stems from his failure to grasp the true meaning of Pope Leo XIII's encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, which he characterizes as follows: ". . . Pope Leo XIII's great social encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, which in 1891 called the world's attention to workers' rights and sketched one of the clearest outlines ever formulated of social democracy as practiced today in Western Europe and the United States." This is a totally false assertion: there is no true defense of workers' rights in *Rerum Novarum*, nor is it a clear outline of social democracy. . . . Leo XIII was greatly alarmed by the progress of socialist ideas and believed he could stop their advance by posing as the protector and defender of the workers, but he could not afford to anger the ruling class, so he issued *Rerum Novarum* in which he states: "Let it be laid down, in the first place, that humanity must remain as it is." These few words supply the meaning and the intent of this "great social encyclical." There must be no change, the wealthy and the ruling class must keep on ruling and living in luxury, while all Leo demands for the wage-earner is a "remuneration barely enough to support him in . . . frugal comfort." . . .

J. M. Martinez
Key Biscayne, Florida

Croatian Saint?

To the Editor of Commentary:

In his latest appraisal of Noam Chomsky [Letters from Readers, June], Arthur Schlesinger denies the possibility of believing anything Professor Chomsky says, and even calls his existence into question. While Professor Chomsky may never be the first Croatian saint, he has now achieved something almost as specious (in the old sense): a left-handed apotheosis such as is rarely accorded by critics.

To paraphrase Golden: Only in Commentary.

Abraham Glicksman
New York City

John Gardner & the Establishment

To the Editor of Commentary:

Norman Podhoretz's first commentary ["Reflections on Earth Day," June] went badly astray about two-thirds of the way through when he made John Gardner the personal target of his attack. Aristotle's admonition was never better illustrated—I refer to the one about it being easy to get angry, but not so easy to know how or when or against whom to be angry.

There may indeed be a dangerous resurgence of a Wasp (do we *have* to use the word?) patriciate using the environment as its cover—but why take it out on Mr. Gardner? Is there something immoral in having friends who think you might make a better President than the incumbent? The fact is that for John Gardner, and especially for the Urban Coalition, the environment has been an extremely marginal issue. That just happens not to be their "thing." And I'm glad, because they are becoming increasingly effective in areas that are, and should be, their "thing."

As I write these words, I am examining the latest "action bulletin" of the Urban Coalition. These are the issues, the only issues in their rundown of the Coalition agenda: "Carswell Nomination . . . Income Maintenance . . . Voting Rights . . . Food Stamps . . . School Desegregation . . . Public Service Employment . . . Defense Spending . . . Housing." On each of these

MANUFACTURED UNDER
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing America's first (and only)

ALL-BOOK/ ALL-PUBLISHER DISCOUNT CARD

*Not available to dealers, wholesalers, retail book establishments or their representatives or sales agents.

- **COMPUTER REGISTERED** *in bearer's name for life (or until de-registration is requested).*
- **ENTITLES BEARER** *to purchase from us any book in print sold in any bookstore in the United States or its Territories (or listed in the* Master Catalog of American Books) *at guaranteed discounts up to 81% off original publishers' prices. (See Footnote 1 below)*
- **THIS DISCOUNT PRIVILEGE INCLUDES** *all books in print. E.g., all best sellers such as* The Peter Principle, The Godfather, The Inheritors, The Graham Kerr Cookbook, Andromeda Strain, I Ching; *all fiction and non-fiction, hard cover and paper back, scientific and technical, political, historical, biographical, religious, philosophical, art, even reference works, unabridged, dictionaries, encyclopaedia sets, college texts, and professional books. No exclusions.*
- **THIS DISCOUNT PRIVILEGE ALSO INCLUDES** *all books of all publishers, without exception. E.g., Random House, Knopf, Doubleday, Harper & Row, Simon & Schuster, Harvard University Press, Grove Press, etc. Even rare or "specialist" publishers. No exclusions.*
- **ACCEPTING THIS CARD** *involves absolutely no obligation or commitment to purchase anything, at any time, for any reason.*
- **COMPLETE COST** *of the All-Book/All-Publisher Discount Card, with full privileges, is $5.* There are no other charges. *This one-time Registration Fee is good for life. You need never renew or pay another fee for as long as you live. (See Footnote 2 below)*

HOW TO ORDER AT DISCOUNTS UP TO 81%

Simply look up selection(s) you want in the Master Catalog of American Books (provided free; see description below) and note the order number listed beside each book. Or, you may prefer to order a book currently offered by some other book club (that, too, is perfectly all right). Or, feel free to copy down the name of *any* book reviewed or advertised in *any* publication or sold in *any* bookstore. Then simply send in your order —accompanied, of course, by your membership number.

HOW MUCH CAN YOU SAVE IN DOLLARS AND CENTS?

If you order at the maximum discount of 81%, then the price you may have formerly paid for only *one* book will now bring you up to *five* books. Or, said another way: five $5.95 books, originally published at $29.75, might now be purchased (provided you have a card) for as little as $5.96. A total saving of $23.79. **In any event, no cardholder will ever pay full price for any item purchased with his card.**

Here are some orders processed by our IBM-S/360 computers during a typical week. (No comment, criticism or endorsement of any book, publisher or author is implied or intended. Prices subject to change.)

Title	List Price	Card Price
GLOSSARY OF THE CONSTRUCTION, DESIGN & USE OF ARMS & ARMOR, Stone. (Brussel)	$50.00	$ 9.95
AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE	8.95	6.93
BIRDS OF PREY OF THE WORLD, Grossman & Jamlet. (Bonanza)	25.00	9.93
JAMES BEARD OUTDOOR COOKBOOK, Beard. (Ridge Press)	12.50	5.89
EARLY AMERICAN HERB RECIPES	10.00	2.96
THE ANTI-SEX, Masters & Lea	8.50	3.89
PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE: A PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE	15.00	9.95
THE MEMOIRS OF CASANOVA, 6 Vols. (Putnam)	$30.00	$ 7.89
LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE EARTH (Prometheus)	17.50	9.89
COMPLETE PIANO MUSIC OF BEETHOVEN. Zubin Mehta, others. 21 stereo LP records. Boxed. With analysis and program notes	100.00	19.89
THE FINE ART OF CHINESE COOKING, Dr. Lee Su Jan	3.95	1.00
HANDWRITING ANALYSIS, Bunker. (Nelson-Hall)	10.00	2.49
DICTIONARY OF APHRODISIACS, Wedeck. (Philosophical Library)	10.00	5.88
COMPLETE STRING QUARTETS OF BEETHOVEN. Fine Arts Quartet. 9 stereo LP records. Boxed.	40.00	9.79
COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF YOGA, Vishnudavananda (Bell)	10.00	2.49
THE EROTIC REVOLUTION, L. Lipton	7.50	2.98
PICTORIAL HISTORY OF MAGIC & THE SUPERNATURAL, Bessey. (Sprint)	10.00	5.89

(cont'd top of next col.)

FOOTNOTE 1 Master Catalog of American books is sent free with your card. (You are also entitled to request, at a slight additional cost, the Master Catalog of British Books and—if you so desire—to order any and all British books in print, as well as obtain book quotations and bibliographic searches for research and scholarly purposes.

FOOTNOTE 2 We do not profit from your $5 Registration Fee (which, incidentally, cardholders generally "amortize" many times over on their first order alone). It goes at once, in part, to offset the considerable cost of programming your name and order-number into the battery of IBM-S/360 computers comprising our new Computer Control Network, which can store over 1½ BILLION characters of information, scan and process book orders at rate of TWO MILLION CHARACTERS PER MINUTE. Currently servicing orders for more than 100,000 booklovers, it is the only such network of its kind in existence.

FOOTNOTE 3 Cardholders receive only genuine publishers editions. Conventional book clubs often send members "club editions"—i.e., special "economy" printings using cheaper paper, smaller type, flimsier bindings. Our discounts are never achieved this way. All books are publishers' editions and are guaranteed brand new and bindery fresh—the same item selling for full price in the "bookstore around the corner."

HOW THESE LARGE DISCOUNTS ARE ACHIEVED

Your orders need not pass through a conventional bookstore. Our Computer Control Network and large-volume purchasing helps slash the costs (and "mark-ups") of the normal book distribution chain. Resultant savings are passed on to cardholders as discounts of up to 81% off original publishers' prices. (See footnote 3 below)

YOU MUST BE SATISFIED OR MONEY REFUNDED

If for any reason after receiving it you feel your card is not as valuable as we have led you to believe (or even if you have simply changed your mind), you are free to return it within 10 days for a full refund of your Registration Fee. (Please tear card in half before returning it.) Naturally, any book you purchase with your card must also satisfy you completely or you may return it for a full refund—no questions asked.

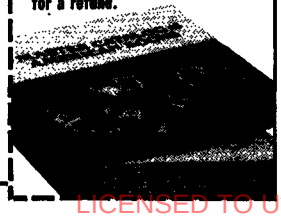
To apply for an ALL-BOOK/ALL-PUBLISHER DISCOUNT CARD, complete and mail the form below. (Should your application not be approved, your Registration Fee will be returned to you at once.) Mail form to ALL-BOOK/ALL-PUBLISHER DISCOUNT CARD, American Book Club, Hazleton, Pa. 18201.

COMPUTER CONTROL NETWORK

Links thousands of current cardholders with all major publishers in the U. S. via electronic computer. Bypasses the conventional retail bookstore—and its "mark-up." Passes the savings of "direct-from-publisher" ordering (up to 81%) on to cardholder. Also permits cardholders (if they wish) to order any British books in print for a slight additional service charge.

FREE WITH YOUR CARD

Master Catalog of American Books (unobtainable outside book trade except for cardholders) lists full 16,000 books in print at guaranteed discounts up to 81% off original publishers' prices. An invaluable reference work, it is indexed by subject, author, title and publisher. You never pay full price for any book you order, under any circumstances. This 350-page Master Catalog remains yours—free and without obligation—even if you later decide to return your card for a refund.



APPLICATION FORM

Mail to: **ALL-BOOK/ALL-PUBLISHER DISCOUNT CARD** 200
American Book Club, Hazleton, Pa. 18201

Please send a registered ALL-BOOK/ALL-PUBLISHER DISCOUNT CARD in my name. (Also forward Master Catalog of American Books free of extra charge.) I understand that acceptance of this card does not obligate me to buy anything. But it entitles me to order any books in print at discounts up to 81% off original publishers' price, plus shipping. Enclosed is my one-time Registration Fee of $5 to defray computer programming. **There are no other charges for the rest of my life.** If not satisfied, I am free to return card within 10 days for a full refund of my Registration Fee. **But the Master Catalog of American Books will be mine to keep free, whether I decide to remain a cardholder or not.**

☐ Chge. to my Master Chge. #_____

Name _____ _____ Initial here. I am not a book dealer, and will not resell books purchased with card at a higher price.

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

• *If your card is lost or stolen please notify American Book Club at above address without delay.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

issues, the Coalition has produced useful materials, has educated the general public, and has started to have real influence with the Congress. If this can be made the agenda for the WASP patriciate, that's OK with me—and I hope with Mr. Podhoretz.

As to Mr. Gardner's "incredibly platitudinous piety," I assume that he'd never make it in COMMENTARY, but the fact is that he has been speaking out more forcefully and tellingly and challengingly than any social critic on the scene today. "Quotes of the day," taken out of context to appear in a one-inch box in the New York *Times*, can sound quite superficial and pious, but an examination of Mr. Gardner's speeches will reveal how profoundly he is challenging American institutions. Small wonder the rednecks in Illinois refused to let him speak.

HYMAN BOOKBINDER
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Norman Podhoretz comes to the strange conclusion that the "environment issue" is a plot (well, not quite) by the Republican Eastern Establishment to regain party, and perhaps national, power. With these observations, Mr. Podhoretz is continuing a major blind spot in the editorial policies of COMMENTARY: the neglect of one of the most crucial social issues of the day, the issue of repression. Repression covers a very wide range of phenomena, ranging from the frequent non-judicial police executions of minority persons to the enforcement of loitering ordinances against long-haired vendors of underground newspapers. In between these extremes are such problems as the campaign against the Black Panthers, the increasingly violent responses to anti-war protests . . . and an apparent unwillingness to bring drug laws into somewhat better alignment with pharmacological realities.

In connection with the issue of repression, let me also mention two fairly recent articles in COMMENTARY. In February 1969 Theodore Draper's "The Ghost of Social Fascism" implicitly compared the New Left (whoever that is—Mr. Draper didn't specify) with various Communist thinkers in the 20's and early 30's. The implication . . . was that . . . those people who claim the American government is fascistic are laying the groundwork for another Hitler. . . . But might it not be within the realm of possibility that "fascism" (or at least the repression of minority rights) might develop quite differently in this country from the way it developed elsewhere?

I think that Andrew Hacker in "Is There a New Republican Majority?" [November 1969] gives us an answer to this question. The potential Republican majority is composed of people who are upset about black (and brown and red) militance, anti-war sentiment, and youth culture. . . . And the Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell strategy appears to be one of gaining the support of this majority by exacerbating precisely these social divisions. The question, then, that Draper does not face is whether an American variant of fascism might not arise quite gradually, and through the electoral process. Or, to put the matter more baldly, whether the proper analogy is with the Germany of 1930 or of 1934.

I have tried, in a few brief paragraphs, to give some indication of the direction of COMMENTARY's editorial policy. Having done so, I would like to return to Mr. Podhoretz's attack on the Eastern Establishment in general and on John Gardner in particular. It is notable that Mr. Gardner is trying to forge alliances with urban ethnic minorities and young people concerned about the war and the environment. Mr. Gardner's strategy is, as I see it, just the opposite of Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell's. The latter are trying to drive the moderate activists into the arms of the militants; Mr. Gardner is trying to offer the moderate activists a non-militant alternative.

It is by now well known that some militants have gone "underground" in the conviction that only a violent "revolution" will overthrow "Amerikanism." I believe that this strategy only plays into Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell's hands and will tend to produce an electoral majority for the right wing of the Republican party. If revolutionary attempts are counter-productive in combating repression, we must seriously ask ourselves what strategy might be productive. I do not know, but I am willing to allow Mr. Gardner and his ilk a chance without sniping at them. . . .

PHILLIP D. ROOS
Department of Sociology
University of Colorado
Denver, Colorado

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Your new column began
in a fix;
The index said page
twenty-eight,
But it turned out to be
twenty-six.

JOHN D. VOELKER
Ishpeming, Michigan

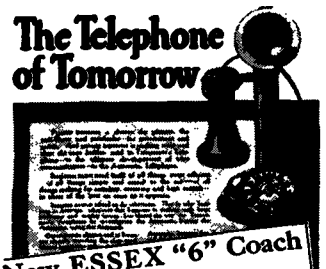
MR. PODHORETZ writes:

I cannot see—and Mr. Roos's letter does not make me see—that the question of "repression" has anything whatever to do with the question of an environmental crisis. If, however, he turns a few pages of this issue of COMMENTARY, he will find an illuminating article by Walter Goodman on the very subject to which he thinks I have been blind. Looking at these matters through Mr. Goodman's extremely sharp eyes might help Mr. Roos to bring his own—as it appears to me—rather blurred vision of American political realities into somewhat clearer focus.

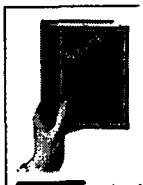
Mr. Bookbinder has me wrong. I am not angry at John Gardner. I neither said nor implied nor believe that he is immoral. Nor did I pick him out of the blue and arbitrarily make him the "target" of an "attack." I mentioned him at all only because of my guess (which has since received confirmation from *Business Week*, the New York *Times*, and several private sources) that he was the front-running Presidential candidate of the Eastern Establishment of the Republican party. Only in America could it be taken as an attack on a man to point out that he is running for President. Be that as it may, what actually makes me angry is the idea that Mr. Gardner and the social forces he represents are above politics. I am also worried, with good historical justification, about the implications of an alliance between the patriciate and the underclass against the Center. And I am concerned with the dangers to a precious, and precarious, pluralism that are posed by the WASP resurgence. (Yes, Mr. Bookbinder, I am afraid that we *do* have to go on using the word—unless, that is, we wish to blind ourselves to the reality it describes.) As to John Gardner's writings and speeches, I continue to be mystified by the high claims of profundity which are made for them.

RELEASED TO JONZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Do YOUR Ads Compare With the Works of the Old Masters?



A Finer Chassis and a Body of Steel



IGNORANCE of the laws of self and sex will not excuse infraction of Nature's decree. The knowledge vital to

A Happy Marriage

has been collected from the experience of the ages, in

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

By William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.

It contains in one volume:
Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

"Sexology" is endorsed and is in the libraries of the heads of our government and the most eminent physicians, preachers, professors and lawyers throughout the country.

All in one volume. Illustrated, $2 postpaid

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents

Puritan Pub. Co., 704 Ferry Building, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SAVE $12.05

THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS

A Happy Look at American Advertising 1880-1930

Advertised and sold everywhere for $15.00

$2.95

—Yours for only...

With brief trial membership in the Nostalgia Book Club, and your agreement to buy just 4 other nostalgic, irresistibly entertaining books or records over the next 2 years — all at old-fashioned bargain-basement discounts of 20% . . . 50% . . . even 70% off regular store prices.

Copiously illustrated with more than 1,500 advertisements, the best (and, even better, the worst) to appear from 1880 to 1930. 50 years of cajolery, nagging, temptation, imaginative medical advice ("Headaches, sick fatigue, bad breath . . . these are some of the penalties for neglecting Intestinal Toxicity"), goodhearted philanthropy ("Every Reader of The Literary Digest can have a Roll of Scot Tissue Towels at Absolutely no Cost to Himself"), and breezy health tips ("Edison Polyform cures rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all Nervous Pains"). Lavishly produced, its 488 pages open to almost one foot by a half yard across, to reproduce ads full size, so you can study each of these paragons of puffery without the need of a reading glass.

One observer with the talent for turning a phrase has said, "The ads and notices are the looking glass of their times."

Right. And we invite you to come with us through the looking glass of American advertising from 1880 to 1930 — and share the great fun that awaits — in the pages of Edgar Jones' THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Huge, sumptuous, uproarious, this is the sort of book you have to hide from friends, otherwise you'll never see it again. Dipping into it is like eating potato chips: once you take one there's no stopping. Samples:

- A first class watch for $10 made out of that most precious metal, Aluminum Gold.
- A scrapbook for "homely women" only. ("Practical devices for ugly ears, mouths, crooked teeth.")
- Arabian Joint Oil ("produces a high degree of elasticity to the joints and muscles").
- Dr. Owen's Body Battery! ("Cures General, Nervous and Chronic Diseases.")
- The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher endorsing a toilet soap.
- Turkish cigarettes (no opium — non-narcotic).
- Steel Ceilings (many designs).
- *On the Altar of Passion*, a book by John Gilliat, author of *An Unspeakable Siren*, etc.
- The Encyclopedia Britannica at $25.
- A chance to earn up to $800 a month with the Grabowsky Power Sight-seeing Car.
- An opportunity to get into the movies ("It pays big to amuse the public with motion pictures").
- An amazing new fuel you make at home.
- The Splitdorf Cig-a-lite ("the very last word in smoke joy for the motorist. Cuts out one cause of driving accidents; improves the appearance of any dash or instrument board").
- A lesson in brain fatigue ("now known to come from two causes — both corrected through the roughage and food-iron in Pillsbury's Health Bran").
- A listing of every one of Heinz's 57 varieties.
- New cars at $260 f.o.b.

These Gleeful Gleanings from the Street of Dreams Are Just a Sample of the Fun That Awaits You

We offer you THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS for less than a fifth of what it's worth, for the same reason that the ad men used to leave corn flakes samples at your door: we just want you to *sample* membership in the Nostalgia Club. Ha! We know that once you "taste" membership, you're *hooked!*

Every month we offer a new Selection and Alternates to choose from. One month there might be a picture book on the heyday of radio or the movies . . . another month it might be records by great artists like Eddie Cantor, Benny Goodman, Jimmy Durante . . . or it might be something extra scrumptious like a collection of the Best of Lil' Orphan Annie (soon to be offered by the Club). All are offered at huge member discounts, and prices are as low as $3.49. Of course you don't have to accept a Selection every month — only four in two years, from among 70 or more that we'll offer. After that you may resign at any time.

As a Trial Member you may take THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS at an immediate saving of over $12.00. You also receive a free subscription to Reminiscing Time, the monthly Club bulletin that not only describes the latest Selection and Alternates but also carries special yesteryear features sure to start the nostalgia flowing. You are free to reject any Club Selection that you don't want on the handy form always provided. If you want the monthly Selection, no need to do anything: it will come automatically.

Tired of those news programs that make you feel bad — and those movies designed to make you feel *worse*? C'mon, join us and make some whoopee. Mail the form below to the Nostalgia Book Club, 525 Main Street, New Rochelle, New York 10801.

C'mon, make some whoopee! Mail coupon today to:

NOSTALGIA BOOK CLUB 525 Main Street, New Rochelle, New York 10801 C-303

O.K. I want to have some fun. Sign me on as a trial member of your Club. I get all the membership privileges described above plus the $15.00 book of old ads, THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS, for only $2.95 plus shipping. I also get a free subscription to Reminiscing Time, the monthly bulletin that describes current Selections and Alternates and brings me memory-jogging words, pictures and sounds from yesteryear. I may buy Club books and records at 20% . . . 50% . . . even 70% discount plus shipping. I am free to reject any Selection on the form always provided. If I want a Selection I need do nothing; it will come automatically. I agree to buy only four more Selections over the next two years after which I may resign anytime.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ *Zip* _____

Please give us the name and number of any major credit card you own. Can be gasoline card, bank card, Diners Club, American Express, etc.

Name of card _____ Number _____

Note: If you do not have a credit card, your remittance of $2.95 must be sent with this membership form.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The biggest power struggle of all has begun. And Kate Millett has written its call to arms.

SEXUAL POLITICS

The devastating, definitive book of the Women's Liberation Movement—"as outrageous as truth spoken loud and clear at a politician's bier." —*Publishers' Weekly*. Selected by The Book-of-the-Month Club and Psychology Today Book Club. Just published, and a new bestseller at booksellers now. $7.95

DOUBLEDAY

"An exciting, profound modern"* novel about everyman's quest for personal change

*TIME

This moving love story tells of three people desperately trying to survive our 1970 world. There's Ariana, locked into a destructive marriage. Scott, her husband, driven by insatiable sexual obsessions. And Max, their psychoanalyst, who falls in love with Ariana.

With the rare insights of a psychoanalyst and the skill of a story-teller, San Francisco psychiatrist Allen Wheelis has created a highly original novel that mirrors modern man's dilemma: Is change humanly possible, or is it simply a mirage?

"A love story that explores in depth the meaning of love and dedication. Haunting, expressive, beautiful."—LIBRARY JOURNAL

The Desert

A novel by ALLEN WHEELIS

New/$5.95

Now at your bookstore

BASIC BOOKS, Inc.

404 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10016

Obligations

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Michael Walzer's comments on political obligation ["The Obligations of Oppressed Minorities," May] are sober, sensible, and thoughtful. They would, if attended to by actual minorities, probably enable these groups to achieve great advances without the accompaniment of some of the excesses that we have seen on our campuses and city streets.

Nevertheless, it cannot be said that Mr. Walzer has thought through all of his points completely, and at times he falls into exaggeration which tends to undermine his argument. For instance, he asks what minorities can do in a society where "only the members of the majority are entirely free and equal?" Aside from the tricky question of whether we actually have, in the United States, any "majority," and how you would define such a group, it is obvious that no one is or ever has been "entirely" free and equal. Setting a chimerical goal is hardly the way one can satisfy any group that it is being treated equally.

Nor does Mr. Walzer treat the idea of "oppression" satisfactorily. While it is probably true that one should treat seriously any claim of oppression, it does not necessarily follow that everyone or every group that *feels* oppressed actually is. Oppression is often as much a felt psychological condition as a morally unjustifiable constraint. We badly need, in other words, at least some general moral principle which can . . . "objectify" the concept of oppression.

. . . The state requires a large measure of obedience, not because it is perfect, but because most of the time violence is worse than obedience. The arrogance of the oppressor may be worse than the *rage* of the oppressed, but between the arrogance of the oppressor and the *arrogance* of the oppressed there maye be little to choose. . . .

Perhaps the greatest difficulty in Mr. Walzer's analysis, however, lies in his treatment of the role of leadership. He starts by talking of the leaders of minority oppressed groups and establishes—rightly, I think—some general criteria relating to the connection between leader and followers. But insensibly he seems to slide over into the assumption that any activist observes the same relationships with the oppressed, even when the ac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tivist is not himself a member of the oppressed group. Surely it is important that Rap Brown is a member of the oppressed black minority which he claims to speak for. But when the non-oppressed claim to speak for the oppressed, one must stop to think. Since much of the New Left agitation consists of middle-class young people who claim to be speaking for various and assorted groups such as blacks, workers, Vietnamese peasants, or people oppressed by their environments, this becomes an important consideration. Can Rennie Davis or Tom Hayden speak for workers in the same sense that Brown or Abernathy can speak for blacks? The answer seems self-evident: the moral leadership of the oppressed by the non-oppressed stands on different ground and must be evaluated differently when the oppressed group provides its own leadership. This fact raises in exaggerated form the possibility that a leader is acting for himself rather than for the oppressed. Mr. Walzer needs to make this distinction a good deal more clear than he does in his article.

Finally, while Mr. Walzer rules out preventive or preemptive violence and vigilantism, he does not refer to the tendency of some groups to act deliberately in such a way as to call violence down upon themselves. What is the moral position of a person who calls a policeman a pig and worse, spits on him, etc., and then uses the violence that results as proof of "oppression"? Surely there must be an obligation of restraint in this respect also. . . .

LOREN P. BETH
Department of Government
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Michael Walzer has labored long and hard at the obvious point . . . that the leaders of an oppressed black minority have an unusually stringent moral obligation to the masses. I think his argument applies more to white radicals who live in the suburbs and claim they are speaking for the poor whites than to black leaders who have a built-in sense of accountability to black people. This is not to say that black leadership cannot be irresponsible, but to maintain, as Mr. Walzer does, that there are no natural constraints on black leadership is to err as badly. . . .

Invitations to reflect the elegance of the occasion

Hebrew and English calligraphy...Personalized monograms...Engraving...Thermography...Blind Embossing...Die Cutting...Any special effect you desire to make your wedding or Bar Mitzvah invitations distinctively elegant.

ArtScroll Studios prints more Hebrew and English wedding and Bar Mitzvah invitations than most New York printers *combined*.

Our staff of artists is ready to help you create an invitation truly worthy of carrying your name.

ARTSCROLL STUDIOS
156 FIFTH AVENUE / NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010 / TEL. (212) 989-4114
By appointment only.

IMPERIALISM

by George Lichtheim

From the pages of COMMENTARY

A major study of the crucial problem of our time. Includes the history, theory and analysis of Imperialism. 60 pages.

Only a limited number of issues are available.
20% discount on orders of 25 or more sets. Institutions can be billed.

PRICE:
$2.25
per set
(includes study guide)

Commentary Reports
165 East 56th Street
New York, N. Y. 10022

Please send_____sets of Imperialism at $2.25 per set.
20% discount on orders of 25 or more sets.

Name_____

Address_____

☐ Please bill (for institutions only)
☐ My check attached (and Commentary Reports pays postage and handling)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the whole, the actions which black men have taken to liberate the black community from white oppression have been taken because of the imperatives of survival. If there had been no Nat Turner or no Frederick Douglass, would black men have freed themselves? If black people had not protected themselves daily from the attacks of racism, would we have survived intact? These actions are evidence of the humanity of black people, because we have responded to terror . . . and oppression in ways which have defined for us a style of action and a direction which is unique to us as a people. . . .

For Mr. Walzer to make the distinction between "democratic oppression" and plain old oppression is just ridiculous. Black people know only that oppression is cruel and unjust and therefore must be opposed, whether it be "democratic," "Communist," or "socialist." No one understands better than we do that the statement "the oppressed are right whatever they do" does not apply to us, because we have felt the backlash even in the fires of Watts and Detroit; even our sense of righteousness does not bring victory, and so it means little to rely on that alone. Our experience has shown us that he who can muster the most force turns out to be right objectively.

Mr. Walzer says that black Americans do not experience "total violence today . . . nor does anyone reserve the right to practice violence against them." But until . . . we are not as vulnerable to oppression as we are now, and until white men are destroyed (they never have been) for destroying black men, until that time comes, I say hell, yes, the system does reserve the right to practice selective violence against black people in any realm of our total existence. . . .

Mr. Walzer is right—until he and his kind experience the imperatives which drive men to desperate means to seek their liberation, their efforts to tell us what we should or should not do are, at best, *presumptuous.*

RONALD WALTERS
Black Studies Department
Brandeis University
Waltham, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Walzer defines the oppressed as those who without having the right to participate in the decision-making processes of the state are nevertheless required by the state to abide by its decisions. These oppressed are not bound to use the democratic processes (they have no access to them) to bring about change but have the "right to rebellion, making war against the state if they judge the cause to be of sufficient moment." . . .

Why does Walzer use the blacks, perhaps a poor example since they have the vote, to illustrate his theory when he has a more poignant example at his doorstep at Harvard? The draft-eligible American male. Considering the rights accorded this group by the democratic theorists, we must admire the patience, the civility, and the non-violence this group has displayed. They first attempted dialogue, only to be chastised for shrillness and vulgarity; demonstrations and street theater brought on police brutality. Only recently have they engaged in the acts of terror they had a right to use years ago.

The men who have complied with the Selective Service Act or who have gone to jail have engaged in that covert complicity with the oppressor which Freud has said is required to make oppression possible. Those who have used various ruses to avoid induction or who have engaged in acts of terror are, if I understand Mr. Walzer correctly, entirely justified.

. . . We have gotten so wrapped up in viewing oppression in racial and/or religious terms that we cannot see it in a group defined by age and sex, even when the oppressed are our children.

KATHERINE RIDER
Vancouver, Canada

MR. WALZER writes:

I have no difficulty agreeing with Mr. Beth that someone ought to go to work on the idea of oppression. But pending the completion of that work and our agreement as to its results, we have to continue to use the word (since people will continue to be as well as to feel oppressed) and we can hardly use it without setting ourselves against the practices involved. Assuming that there are oppressed persons, is it true that "most of the time" their violence is worse than their obedience? That will depend on the extent to which their oppression itself rests on or requires violence, on the character of the counter-violence they undertake, and so on. But surely there is no presumption in favor of an oppressive state in such cases.

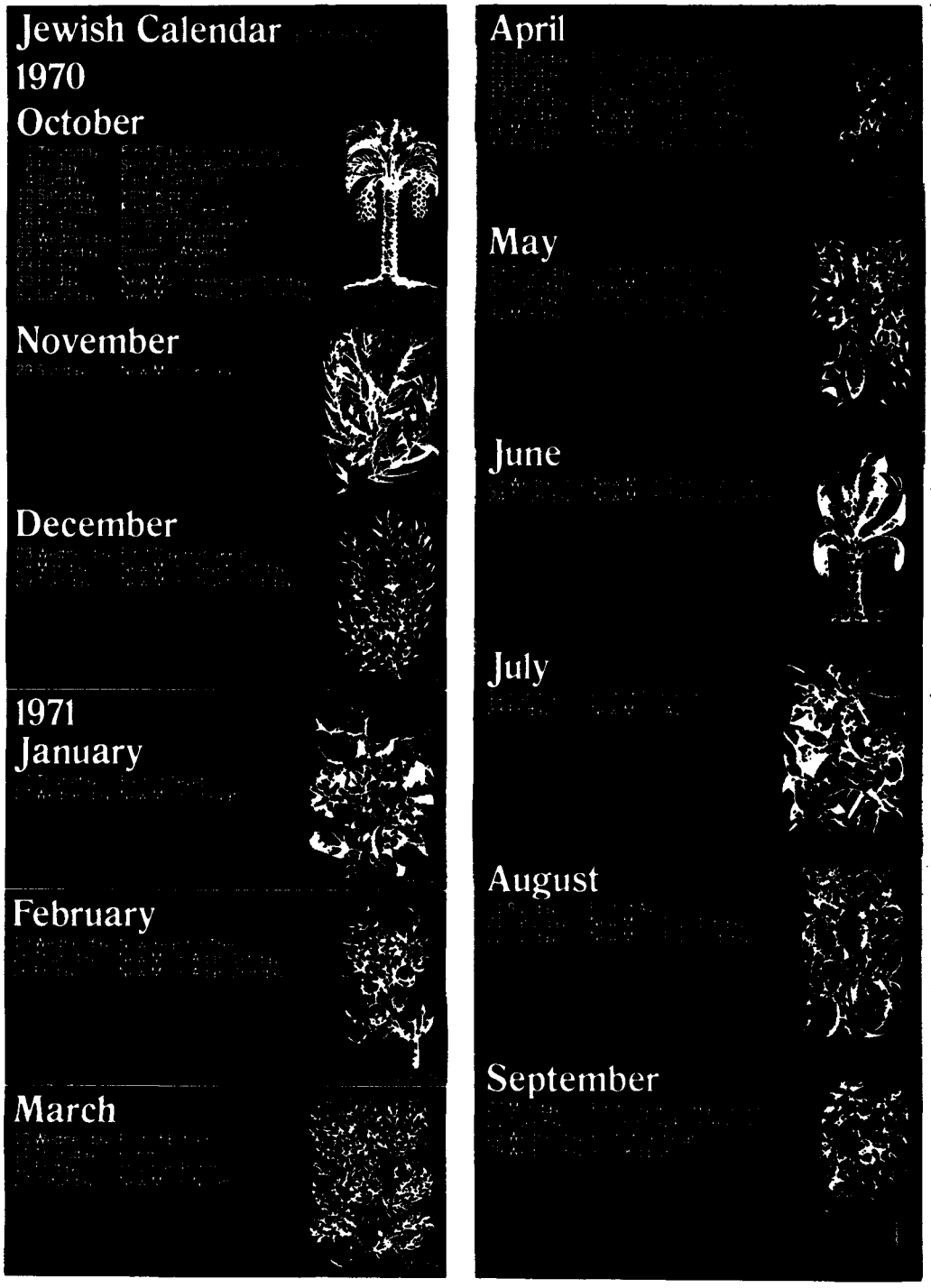
The question of political action on behalf of others is very hard, but I am not sure Mr. Beth and I really disagree about it. My three criteria are intended to apply equally to activists who are members of the oppressed group and to those who are not, but obviously those who are not will find it much more difficult to meet the criteria. American radicals who claim to be acting on behalf of Vietnamese peasants have a peculiarly complicated case (but not an impossible case) to make. On the other hand, I can make no sense at all of Mr. Walters's assertion that there exist "natural constraints" on black leaders of black movements, a "built-in sense of accountability." That is simply nonsense. If nature were so helpful, both morality and politics would be much easier than they are.

Mr. Walters calls me presumptuous, and I plead guilty at least to the ordinary presumption of social life and discourse. We tell each other what our obligations are. That we do so is evidence only that we are related to one another in some (minimal) way; no man is an island, etc. Obligations, after all, are not secrets.

I am more concerned with Mr. Walters's claim that "our experience has shown us that he who can muster the most force turns out to be right objectively." That is an old argument in moral philosophy, and while it might seem most appropriately to be the argument of people who can in fact muster the most force, it has often been made by those who cannot, with the intention of undermining the very idea of objective right. It is only very recently, however, that this argument has come to be made, without irony, by powerless intellectuals of the Left. I can only conclude that they do not expect to be powerless for long. And I wonder whether, when they finally muster enough force, the rest of us will think them objectively right? Meanwhile, Mr. Walters apparently believes that it was right to keep slaves, is right to oppress black people, and will one day be right to do . . . what?

Mrs. Rider's letter raises a very important question to which I have devoted several chapters in my new book, *Obligations.* I won't try to deal with it here.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



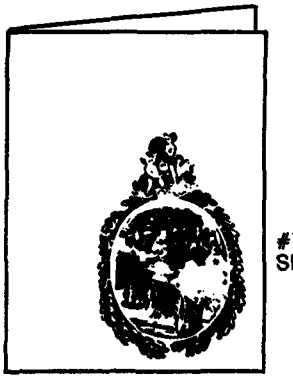
NEW YEAR CARD TIME

See the handsome collection of
Award-winning designs on the next two pages.

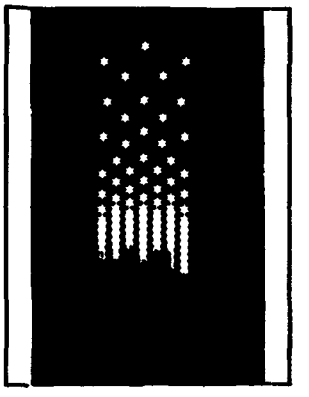
We hope that you will order early–
while the supply is complete.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

#77 ROSH HASHANAH: Engraving from Kirchner's famous collection, Jewish ceremonies.
dozen $3.00

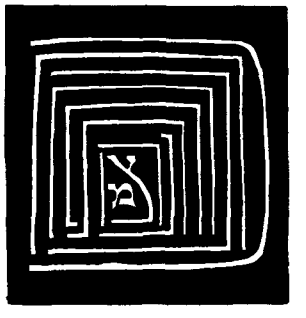


#76 THE LOWER EAST SIDE: A Reminiscence.
dozen $4.00



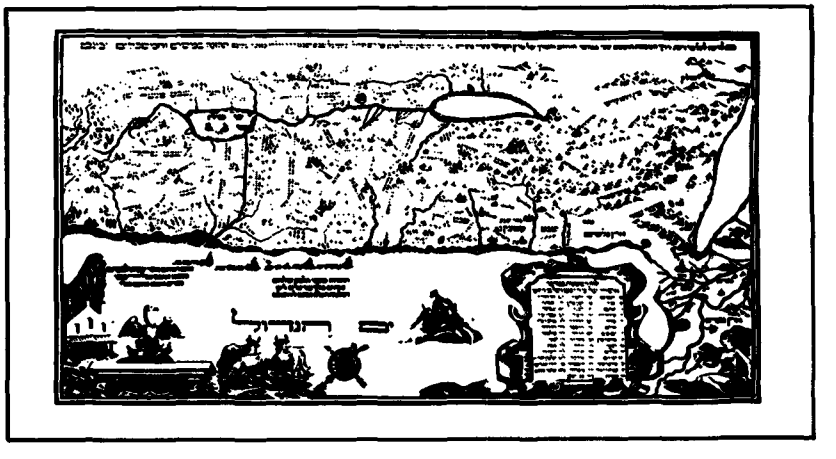
#72 CANDELABRA, contemporary interpretation by Ira Teichberg.
dozen $4.00

#68 L'SHANA TOVA TIKATEVU, the traditional wish for a good and sweet New Year, *illuminated by* Jules Maidoff.
dozen $3.00



#73 LABYRINTH, Kabbalistic abstraction by Moses Cordovero. Circa *1560.*
dozen $3.00

#75 REMBRANDT: Sensitive rendering by the great master of Abraham caressing Isaac.
dozen $4.00

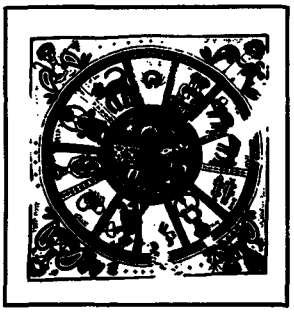


#82 THE HOLY LAND: The first map ever printed in Hebrew. Reproduced in sepia tones.
dozen $3.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW NEW YEAR CARDS

from Commentary Cards.... winner last year of the Graphic Arts Award for excellence in design and craftsmanship

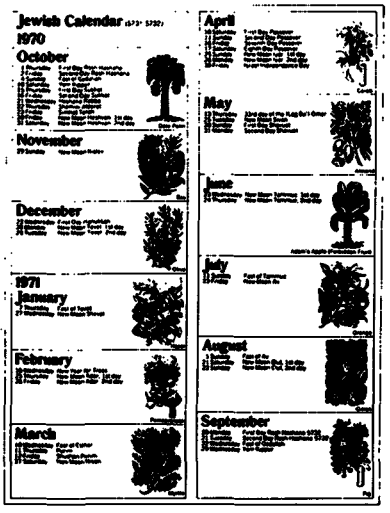


#79 ANCIENT MOSAIC: One of the most famous in the world from the Bet Alpha Synagogue in Israel — cira 500.

dozen $3.00

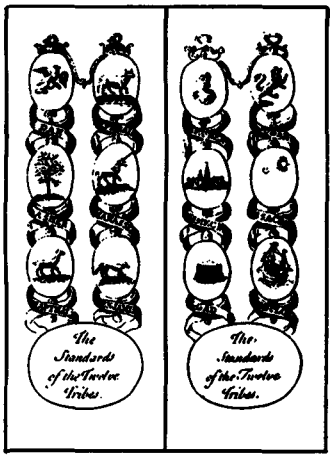
#83 CHASSIDIC DANCERS: By Felix Fabian.

dozen $4.00



#64 HOLIDAY CALENDAR illustrated with the flora of Israel. Designed by Judith Ann Tirsch.

dozen $4.00



#66 THE TWELVE TRIBES OF ISRAEL from a seventeenth century etching.

dozen $3.00

#69 JERUSALEM, from the Prague Haggadah, circa 1526. The illustrations are reproduced from the facsimile edition published by Shulsinger Brothers.

dozen $3.00

ORDER FORM

Commentary Cards
165 E. 56 Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send the following packages of Commentary Cards for the New Year—

Card #	Quantity	Price for Package of 12s	Total

Special assortments (12 to a package) available:_____ $3 for 12 $_____

Total $_____

Shipping and handling .75

Total payment enclosed $_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Minimum order — 2 packages

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York Mets Art Shamsky being interviewed at Shea Stadium.

ART SHAMSKY WANTS THE BEST

THAT'S WHY HE CHANGED TO Gillette PLATINUM-PLUS

Gillette has created more than just a new razor blade. PLATINUM-PLUS is a totally new concept in shaving.

Platinum, the most precious of all metals, has been combined with chromium to produce an alloy which is harder than stainless, more durable than chrome.

The resulting edge of Platinum alloy on the chrome steel blade gives you a closer, more comfortable shave—blade after blade after blade.

Experience the unsurpassed smoothness of Gillette PLATINUM-PLUS and you, too, will change to the ultimate blade!

THE ULTIMATE BLADE

The blade you've always wanted. And more.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the third in a new series of monthly comments by the editor of COMMENTARY *on a wide range of topical matters. The opinions Mr. Podhoretz expresses here are his own, and are not to be taken as statements of editorial policy. Mr. Podhoretz is the author of* Doings and Undoings *and* Making It *and is currently at work on a book about the 1960's.*

Like Fathers, Like Sons

Norman Podhoretz

IN ARGUING that there is no great gap between the generations so far as political opinion goes, S. M. Lipset and Earl Raab (p. 35) are supported by all the hard evidence we have. Every study which has so far been made shows that young Americans, with very few exceptions, tend to hold the same political opinions as their parents—so much so that one would be closer to the truth in accusing the young of political docility than in praising them for political rebelliousness. My own personal observation, for whatever it may be worth, confirms the studies to the point where I found myself consoling a friend the other day with the reflection that he and his nineteen-year-old son, with whom he had just had an unpleasant argument, enjoyed the distinction of representing one of the few true instances of the generation gap I had yet run across after years of diligent searching.

It would be fascinating to learn how so palpably false an idea as that a vast discrepancy exists between the political views of the young and those of their elders managed to gain almost universal acceptance. Perhaps, as Joseph Adelson suggested in a brilliant piece on the subject that appeared in the New York *Times Magazine* earlier this year, an idea whose time has come can no more be resisted if it is false than if it is true.

But however it happened, the obvious consequence of the spread of so much talk about the generation gap has been to popularize the notion that to be young nowadays in America is to be radical, or at least sympathetic to radicalism as it manifests itself both in politics and in culture. What is not so obvious is the corollary implication that to be anything other than radical is to be something other than young. That is to say, the epithet "young" no longer simply describes a person between the ages of sixteen and thirty; it is now used almost exclusively to describe a person of that age (whether black or white) who also professes a certain set of attitudes and who affects a certain style of behavior. And since few such persons exist in the less prosperous sectors of our society (again whether white or black), the word "young" has also come to be applied almost entirely to college students stemming from the upper middle class. Thus, for example, workers in their early twenties are rarely thought to be "trying to tell us something" when they express hatred of their own contemporaries on the campus or when they declare that they support George Wallace. They are not "kids" or "young people" entitled to sympathetic consideration; they are, in words recently used by Alfred Kazin of construction workers in general, "crane operators and other lordly specialists who from the heights of their well-packed pay envelopes look down on blacks who can't even become plumbers' apprentices."

THE effect of identifying the radical Left with the young, and the young with the radical Left, is to suggest that the future belongs to radicalism and that all other positions must either come to terms with the radical critique or perish in that notorious "dust-bin" to which Trotsky once consigned all his opponents (only, it is worth emphasizing, to wind up there himself). And indeed, it is precisely this notion that explains the nervousness so many liberals feel in relation to the radical Left, just as, on the other side, it explains the ease with which the "silent majority" and its spokesmen can dismiss the Left as made up of a small number of spoiled or disruptive kids. The truth, of course, is that the radical Left in this country, although a relatively small movement, *is* very important—but because of its enormous influence within the literary and intellectual communities and not because it is coextensive with the young, let alone the other way around. Politically the American young (even, it appears from some recent polls, the young in the colleges and even, astonishingly, the young in the colleges on the issue of Vietnam) are divided pretty much along the same lines as their elders and in much the same proportion. These divisions are wide and deep and bitter, but there can be no question that they turn on axes which have far less to do with age than with ethnicity and social class. Is it, perhaps, the American reluctance to confront the political implications of such concretely unsettling differences as these that accounts for the nearly universal obsession with the "young" and "what they are trying to tell us"?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You are right to fight pollution now.

With the only lead-free premium gasoline that's ready now.

Lead-Free AMOCO.

There is more to Lead-Free AMOCO than meets the eye. Many experts say that lead-free gasoline is the best answer yet to automobile air pollution. And AMOCO is the only lead-free premium gasoline you can buy. Right now. But there's even more to it than that. Lead-Free AMOCO can double spark plug life. That alone could save you up to $10. And double tailpipe life. That's another $20 or so. And double muffler life. That's maybe $40 more. And give you better mileage than leaded gasolines. Lead-Free AMOCO is right for your country. Right for your car. Right now. It's time to try it.

somethin' else from the people who are

AMERICAN

©1970, The American Oil Company, Chicago, Ill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Question of Repression

Walter Goodman

A FEW WEEKS ago, the *News of the Week in Review* section of the Sunday New York *Times*, showcase for protests, proclamations, declarations, denunciations, affirmations, and appeals for money, carried a full-page advertisement headed: "It's 11:59 P.M." The ad began:

> "When the Nazis attacked the Jews," said Pastor Martin Niemoeller, "I remained silent because I was not Jewish."
>
> When they destroyed the Communists, the Social Democrats, the Catholics—the good pastor continued his silence.
>
> Finally, when he knew he had to speak up—it was too late.
>
> "There was no one left."
>
> Pastor Niemoeller's society ran amok.
>
> Can it happen again?

The lengthy message did not leave that question hanging. "It," we were notified, is already happening here: "Big Brother is making his list. *And you're on it.*" In order to stop the clock at 11:59, readers were asked to join in various emergency actions or simply to send a check to the New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam.

Now, the practiced skimmer of Section 4 skipped from the headline to the coupon at the bottom of the page, and so spared himself the lament and exhortation in between. It has been apparent since the 1969 inception of the New Mobe—among whose "coordinators" one finds Rennie Davis and David Dellinger, two of the heroes of Chicago—that its main business has not been to protest against the war, as its name might suggest, but to engage the sympathies of the war's opponents for a broad-spectrum attack on American society: a sensible strategy for a marginal group onto a popular cause. The New Mobe exists in order to organize demonstrations; between demonstrations it vanishes. Its members, who occupy positions on the fringes of the nation's political life, tend to scorn the political process in general and liberals in particular; they do their thing in the streets. That they should now be reading the time at 11:59 P.M. is not astonishing. For them it has always been 11:59 P.M. It always will be.

But the one-minute-to-midnight melody has lately been taken up by persons outside the New Mobe cabal. Like some low-down number that makes it from the rock joints into the drawing rooms, the tune is in the air. One hears it wherever fashionable folk gather. In his recently published book* on the transfer of power in the Justice Department from Ramsey Clark to John Mitchell—first printed not in the *New York Review of Books*, but in the *New Yorker*—Richard Harris leaves us with the warning: "When the people finally awaken, they may find their freedoms gone, because the abandonment of the rule of law must bring on tyranny." Cocktail-party conversation in liberal circles starts from the understanding that those who are out to get us are well along in the process, and proceeds to further calamities.

Unhappily, the events that have brought so many people to this state of alarm are real enough—and they are not inconsequential. Some are tragic; all are troubling. The question that bears more attention than it has received is whether these events force one to the conclusion that the people are asleep, that our freedoms are going, that the rule of law is being abandoned, that tyranny is in the wings.

Here are the main counts in the indictment:

- The Black Panthers have been victims of murderous police assaults, and have been marked down in many places for continuous harassment. They have been arrested on cooked-up charges, and have been treated with gross prejudice by the courts.
- Students have been killed at Kent State and at Jackson State. On other campuses, they have been gassed and beaten.
- The government has cracked down on the Resistance. The trials of Dr. Spock, *et al.* and of the Chicago Seven, of dubious legality to begin with, were conducted in vindictive fashion. Sentences handed out to draft protesters and evaders seem to be growing more severe.
- The administration's proposals for dealing with crime include such innovations as "preventive detention" of certain defendants for the period between arrest and trial, and permission for police to bust into suspect premises, in quest of narcotics, without knocking. In addition, the Justice Department is not averse to using wiretap-

WALTER GOODMAN's forthcoming book, *A Percentage of the Take: A Classic Case of Big-City Corruption*, is to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux early next year.

* *Justice*, Dutton, 268 pp., $6.95.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ping on a broad scale in cases involving organized crime, the national security, and who knows what else.

• The Vice President has been going up and down the land delivering his colorful attacks on administration critics, and the President personally embraced a delegate from New York's construction workers after they ran wild on the streets of the city.

THOSE ARE the five main charges. (I have omitted the rumor that Mr. Nixon is planning to call off the 1972 elections.) Each of the charges is serious. Even if true as stated, do they cumulatively represent a diminution of the right to dissent? Do they portend curtailment of our freedoms? To questions like these, a combination of temperament and political predilection more often than not provides the answer. We all tend to believe what we find most congenial, and a remarkable number of people enjoy pretending that they are being oppressed. Since the beginnings of the country, Presidents have been charged by their opponents with tyrannical tendencies. (Contemporary New Left scholars appear to be divided on the issue of whether America has always been the most vicious of nations, or only since 1945 or 1965 or yesterday.) Citizens in their middle years can still remember the accusations of dictatorship directed at Mr. Roosevelt from the Right. During Joe McCarthy's brief run, the air was clogged with complaints that one could no longer complain freely, and that period is still talked about as though the Bill of Rights had been suspended.

It is a stimulating conceit to think of oneself as holding the thin line against oppression—"Can we stop 1984?"—and today's publicists have no trouble in adding to the free-floating *angst* that clouds the American landscape in the best of times. It's part of the ecology problem. The favored tactic, as evidenced by the New Mobe's recent summons to hysteria, is to lump events together for maximum impact, leaving to others the work of sorting them out, of going over each charge to determine whether indeed there is a pattern of concerted repression here that warrants comparison with Germany in the 1930's or—although *this* comparison is not made within New Mobe precincts—China in the 1970's.

THE PANTHERS. The Panthers burst upon the public consciousness most dramatically. In paramilitary garb and dark glasses (shades of the Tonton Macoutes?), with much talk of guns, and real guns too. Insofar as they possessed a program in their original incarnation, it was concealed within their slogans, among the most popular of which was "Off the pig!"—Kill the cops! At their meetings, it was an incantation. It was taught to small children. Policemen, not famous for their patience with tough young blacks, took offense. The Panthers wanted it understood, by other blacks as well as by whites, that they were dangerous, and the police (and judges too) were more than willing to believe it. Indeed, they would have been derelict had they believed anything else. They lacked that finer sensibility which enabled some Jews to file the anti-Semitic utterances of the Panthers under Black Rage and contribute to their cause. The cops were merely angry. There were street-corner encounters, sniping incidents or alleged sniping incidents, and arrests for various plots. There were shoot-outs. The anger increased, and then came the bloody reaction.

This capsule account is not intended to gloss over the actions of the police in Chicago and elsewhere who participated in the anti-Panther vendetta of 1969. They are culpable, and it is a disgrace that they have not been brought to justice. The circumstances leading up to the assaults on Panthers, however, are relevant to the argument that they are similar to the attacks on Communists in Germany in the 1930's. There is scant resemblance. Far from being a threat of any dimensions to the regime in Washington, the Panthers' political strength is negligible. They brought on attacks not by their politics but by their pose. Although one would not expect to find much enthusiasm among policemen for the class-struggle, Third-World, honky-baiting goulash that passes as a Panther program, the police reacted to the Panthers less as menacing revolutionists than simply as ghetto toughs or smart-aleck niggers. There is no evidence, except perhaps in Chicago, that the raids were planned at any level higher than a city police department. Most seem to have been fairly spontaneous cases of spleen-venting—with perhaps discreet encouragement from the FBI. The suggestion that having finished with the Panthers, "they" are ready to take on the Reform Democrats requires a New Mobe order of imagination.

The police forays have not gone unprotested. The Panthers have been defended most vigorously, and not without success. (It ought to be pointed out, I suppose, that the arrest of a Panther is not of itself necessarily an act of police oppression; nor is the conviction of a Panther for some crime per se an act of injustice.) The police have not had a good press. Even in Chicago, with the help of the *Tribune,* they were unable to convince anybody of their story. The nation has been given a lesson as to the value of police testimony regarding such unpopular defendants—and that should have an inhibiting effect on vigilante cops. The investigation continues. The courts in New York and New Haven seem to be giving Panther defendants a fairer shake than they had at first (and the defendants are better behaved). What has this to do with Hitler Germany?

As for the Panthers themselves, rather than being suppressed, they may have an interesting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

future. It seems to have dawned on the brightest of them that there is not much that they can do for their people in Algiers or in jail or in the grave. Within their ranks, along with the bluff and bluster, are youths of courage and commitment, and some at least appear to be playing down the muscle-flexing while they try to make contact with sympathetic whites and to work out programs for the ghettos. It may be only a matter of tactics, but they don't yell about "pigs" quite so much any more in public—and that ought to have a calming influence on all parties.

THE CAMPUSES. What combination of panic, hate, incompetence, and Southern tradition resulted in the killings at Jackson State and Kent State, we cannot hope to know. One can only join in the grief and the anger at the spectacle of young Americans shooting down young Americans at their places of learning. But those who now cry "Repression!" after having been cheerleaders to every student excess, no matter how destructive to their schools and how dangerous to the students themselves, owe the young and the rest of us an accounting.

Sorting out events and allocating responsibility for college disruptions is not easy. Was the administration too tough or was it too soft? Were the police or the National Guard called in unnecessarily? Did they seek out opportunities for brutality? Were they provoked beyond endurance? Did they respond like animals? The answer usually seems to be Yes and No. Our men in uniform have shown an unhealthy relish in beating students, and there is not much doubt as to who was responsible for the spring tragedies. But the story always begins before police or guardsmen are called in.

The strategy of campus radicals, of the Movement, has worked. For obvious reasons, our campuses—anti-war, anti-Nixon, anti-racist, anti-pollution—are most inviting sites for protest. That, after all, is where the young are, home ground; there, angry at the advertised failures of their elders' society, attuned to the impulses of their coevals, they can vent their frustrations in generational solidarity and make their strength felt. Relying upon this volatile force, the radicals make a demand. If the administration concedes, the demand is escalated. When the administration resists, the protest is escalated. When police are called in, foreign troops, hundreds of students (along with some faculty) can be counted on to rally to their cadre of militant fellows, and "radicalization" takes place.

What happens to the university in this process? In the program of the radical strategists, the university is but an arm of a diseased society. Let it wither. They seek not peace but power; not scholarship but politicization, sometimes called "relevance." Turgenev recognized them—those students of chemistry who "cannot distinguish oxygen from hydrogen, but are brimming over with destructive criticism and self-conceit." Their demands are in fact non-negotiable because they win either way—and because their interests are elsewhere. The tactic of confrontation is purposefully designed to discredit the university. Repression is the objective. To the extent that a crisis passes without violence, to that extent the militants have failed. As soon as police or guardsmen set foot on campus, the militants have won a partial victory at least. In Isla Vista, California, near the campus at Santa Barbara, students keep setting fire to a bank—"Isla Vista belongs to the people!"; the police move in and club everybody in sight. A famous victory. There are, of course, other victors—the most reactionary elements on every level of political power. (A Gallup Poll taken after the shootings at Kent State and Jackson State found that favorable opinion toward students had touched a new low.) The immediate losers are those who value a free university—and the youths who get in the way of the billy clubs and guns.

As Alexander Bickel recently pointed out in an article on how the New Haven Panther trial was used as a pretext to disrupt classes at Yale,* there have indeed been instances of repression at our universities—doors barred, offices wrecked, classrooms invaded, fires set, teachers and administrators and students pushed around, speakers hooted down—and they have been the work not of the reactionary Reagan or the high-spirited Hayakawa, but of the Movement. Have those who now warn us that we resemble Nazi Germany spoken out against such strong-arm tactics? As I write this, there appears a report in my local newspaper that Professor Douglas Dowd of Cornell, a co-chairman of last November's New Mobe rally in Washington, speaking to Westchester Women for Peace about students who engage in violence, said, "God bless them. I will not join them, but God bless them."

Must the nation endure another Kent State or Jackson State? Must the universities become seasonal bedlams in the name of protest against conditions which they did not create and cannot cure? Will there be more police called to campuses and more guardsmen and more blood? What alternative may we look for, as long as the strategy of radicalization seems to work? Of one thing we can be certain: when other students are injured or killed, those who give their blessing to violence as long as it originates on the Left will be early and loud with their cries of "Repression!"

THE TRIALS. The "conspiracy" statutes under which Dr. Spock, *et al.*, and the Chicago Seven were indicted and prosecuted are flagrantly open to abuse by officialdom. The trials were not models of judicial procedure,

* *New Republic*, June 13, 1970.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and were scarcely designed to bolster the right to dissent. It does not strain hyperbole to call them, as Jessica Mitford does in her book, *The Trial of Dr. Spock*,* "political persecutions." But is Miss Mitford being judicious when she goes further to write of this as "an era in which the courts are increasingly used by government to silence the discordant voices of protest"? Are the courts being so used? Have the voices of protest in fact been silenced, or even noticeably subdued?

Although the reversal by a higher court of several of the convictions in the Spock case has been criticized for its narrowness, for not dealing with the larger issue of "conspiracy," the defendants did win; none of them has gone to jail, and the prosecution has lost interest. For that Miss Mitford must surely be grateful. Evidently, the John Birch Society is right; our courts do still uphold the rights of objectionable characters. The Chicago case is on appeal, and perhaps it is not too much to hope that a higher court will find grounds for reversal in that exhibition.

But just as these trials may be seen as political cases, so Miss Mitford's reference to "the discordant voices of protest" that are allegedly being silenced is a political argument, and a popular one, especially for journalists tempted to celebrate their subject out of all proportion. The argument, which in its crudest exposition plays hard on the fate of the Communists in Nazi Germany, is that protest is indivisible. Dr. Spock and his co-defendants are not to be thought of as persons who, for better or worse, publicly and proudly advised young men to scorn the draft laws, but as "protesters." The defendants in Chicago must not be thought of as men who incited people to violence, but as "protesters." The picture presented is that all protesters against the war are in the deepest sense together against a repressive state, that we are all in the same boat with Dr. Spock and David Dellinger, that they stand for the rest of us. "The handwriting is on the wall in letters of fire," we are notified by the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, an Old Left component of the New Left. "If we do not read its meaning fully and wisely, and unite in defense of the immediate and chief victims of the terror, we will ourselves become victims of the fire." Since the Chicago trial, the defendants and their leading attorney, William Kunstler, have carried their campaign to the university and suburban circuit and been cheered for it. Right on! They are using their case as they have from the beginning, as a political weapon. (The Panthers are doing much the same thing. Miss Mitford includes those accused of involvement in bombing and murder conspiracies among her "discordant voices of protest." Discordant to a fault.)

* Reviewed in COMMENTARY, December 1969, by Leon Friedman.

In situations of this sort, the liberally-inclined citizen is always under pressure to defend more than he feels comfortable defending, or less than he knows he ought to defend. On one side stands the prosecution, trusting that our antipathy to Abbie Hoffman will enable us to blink away violations of his rights. On the other are Kunstler & Co., advising us that our fate is inextricably intertwined with theirs, that their cause is ours. There is no reason why anyone need succumb to either of these lures. It is possible to defend the rights of the accused, yet know exactly what and who it is we are defending and the points at which our beliefs diverge.

Has there in fact been any chilling of dissent as a result of these trials? The Chicago affair, brought to us by Mayor Daley in conjunction with Attorney General Mitchell, has already proved an embarrassment to the government (though public opinion undoubtedly remains on their side), and among the dozen or so books that will be coming out on the subject this fall, I find not one that promises to be anything but thoroughly condemnatory of the prosecution. (Spiro Agnew will have no trouble making a *prima facie* case that New York's publishing industry is engaged in a conspiracy against Judge Hoffman.) The defendants have not been deterred from doing their stimulating things on campuses and elsewhere. Protest has accelerated since the Chicago trial, partly because of it. Is there any citizen who really fears to speak his mind on Vietnam or anything else as a result of these trials?

As to the harsh treatment being accorded draft resisters around the country, one cannot fail to note the stink of vindictiveness in some of the comments from the bench—sour age getting back at disrespectful youth. (The great majority of draft evaders, as distinguished from resisters, far from being harshly punished, simply get away with it.) The young men who choose prison over war command respect and support—but it is a dubious type of support which, with abusive language and incitements to adventurism, rouses the nation against them. In the ongoing revision of the draft laws, efforts should be made to widen the provisions for conscientious objection (continuing along the road recently taken by the Supreme Court)—and it is not too early to begin thinking about amnesty. Any move toward more generous treatment for the young draft resisters will require a great change in the nation's emotions, a great lessening of existing fears and animosites. This change is not likely to be brought closer by a political tactic that presents Abbie Hoffman and his cohorts as symbols of protesters against the war.

CRIME LEGISLATION. The administration's anti-crime program contains no balm for civil liberties, and Richard Harris has done a service in analyzing it and helping to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bring it to the public attention. There are not many policemen to whom one would lightly entrust the power to keep suspects in jail without a trial or to break into a home without a warrant, and Attorney General Mitchell has not earned membership in that minuscule group. Yet when Harris suggests that these proposals are being foisted upon us while we sleep, he is merely indulging in a convention of the exposé.

The reason that crime legislation will pass, probably in a form objectionable to civil libertarians, is not that the population is asleep, but that many people are not sleeping so soundly as they once did, owing to muggings and burglaries in their neighborhoods. Since the Left has shown itself incapable of making an approach to the problem, beyond the excellent observation that crime is a symptom of social pathology and will no longer bother us when we have gotten to the root of things, the Right has been free to make political capital. Harris understands this, yet he takes a familiarly wavering line here: no matter how frightened city dwellers may be, crime is not, statistically speaking, all *that* great a problem; anyway, most offenses are committed against black people; anyway, Ramsey Clark had splendid plans for improving the quality of police forces; anyway, the Nixon administration has not come up with its promised solutions; and so forth. On the Left, it has been considered a form of indecency, a betrayal of the black underclass, to acknowledge that indeed people are frightened, with cause, and to address oneself to the problem of getting criminals off the streets before the millennium. Have not the Panthers taught us that every conviction of a black man is a demonstration of racism, and that every black prisoner is a political prisoner? Paralyzed by inhibitions, the Left has watched as the issue of Law and Order was taken up lovingly by the unfastidious company of Nixon-Mitchell.

Far from being rammed through Congress, however, the crime bills have come up against significant opposition, within the Capitol and without. The most troubling provisions, like preventive detention, are being especially scrutinized and will not become law without clear restrictions on the circumstances under which they can be used. When they do become law, in whatever form, their operation will assuredly still bear scrutiny, and test cases will certainly reach the courts. None of this should be taken as an endorsement of the proposals—but we ought to do what we can to ease the minds of persons who fear that they will be tossed into solitary for having signed a petition. The nation's freedoms are not in the state of jeopardy that Harris seems to think they are—or *needs* to think they are, given a certain political set.

Harris recognizes that the anti-crime proposals are part of the administration's electoral strategy, designed to appeal to Middle America. Indeed, that is one of the heaviest charges in his case against the Justice Department. But he obscures the meaning of this by leaving politics for theology. In his book the estimable Ramsey Clark becomes a paragon; John Mitchell is the Spirit of Darkness. Harris's treatment of their respective chief executives takes the form of plastering over rough reality. When scourging John Mitchell, he makes certain that a goodly share of the blows fall on President Nixon. Fair enough. Yet he saturates Ramsey Clark with praise while taking care not to leave the impression that Clark owed much to Lyndon Johnson—who, after all, did appoint the man and could have gotten rid of him at any moment. What accounts for this want of even-handedness in an experienced Washington journalist? Well, for one thing, close identification with Johnson the detestable could scarcely improve Clark's political prospects. Moreover, to suggest that Johnson possessed and exercised certain virtues would run counter to the acceptable mythology of the period. Lyndon Johnson, every little child knows, was a beast and an ogre, and if his administration showed a concern for civil rights or civil liberties, then obviously we must look elsewhere for the reason.

The heresy that Johnson was not an ogre but a man and a politician of unusual complexity, with diverse strengths and weaknesses, carries implications; it suggests that our present condition cannot be treated in terms appropriate to theology. Perhaps, for all the frailty of political tags, it does still make a difference whether we elect a liberal Democrat or a conservative Republican. Perhaps—may one utter the thought?—Hubert Humphrey might have made a better President than Richard Nixon. Perhaps the wiretapping power might better be entrusted to an Attorney General under Johnson or Humphrey than to John Mitchell. Perhaps, in a phrase, the country might be in better hands today if poor Humphrey had won. Such notions constitute an affront to those guardians of their own virtue who would not compromise themselves in 1968 to the extent of voting against Richard Nixon, and instructed young voters that the election did not matter but that their delicacy did. Now they are able to beat their breasts over the dreadful pass to which Nixon is bringing us. For the purposes of the movers of the New Mobe, there can be no better President than Richard Nixon and no better Attorney General than John Mitchell.

AGNEW AND THE HARDHATS. The adventures of Spiro Agnew are of a piece with the administration's electoral strategy. The Nixon who made his early way to power at the expense of Communists is not above holding onto his power at the expense of students or the Eastern Establishment. To charge the Vice President with McCarthyism (what would the frenetic Left do without that word?) is to undervalue

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the calculation behind the latest exercise in official demagogy. We are witnessing a display of politicking at a rudimentary, not to say base, level. It has its dangers, for it may get out of control; but if this is the best that Nixon & Co. can do in the way of planned repression, then we have little to worry about. The Vice President seems incapable even of cowing television executives, and they are cowed to begin with.

True, Agnew has worked hard to whistle up Middle America's hatred of the Youth Culture—the drugs, the dress, the hair, the sex, the obscenity, and all the rest of it, the politics thrown in almost as an afterthought—but he must share credit for the rampages of construction workers with Weathermen and Yippies and that part of the Movement which has adopted the strategy of confrontation. If the streets do belong to the people, then they belong to hardhats as well as to longhairs; and if the former tend to be quicker with their fists than with their tongues, well, they are only doing their thing. " 'Confrontation politics' is a dangerous game," Irving Howe warned in 1968, when the New Left's fascination with provocation and violence had already become manifest. Now the hardhats have had their taste of blood, and if the streets of our cities must become political arenas, those gladiators are certain to be out again.

EVERY ONE of the counts in the indictment of "repression" in America bears watching. The work of guarding civil liberties has always been largely a kind of early warning system, and nothing I have written here is meant to distract watchers from their job, to discourage the legal defense of Panthers, or to reduce opposition to the crime bills. But the evidence simply does not support the one-minute-to-midnight mentality. The evidence does not add up to the conclusion, offered over the signatures of Jane Fonda, Benjamin Spock, M.D., and Julian Bond in a solicitation for the Civil Liberties Legal Defense Fund, that we are in the midst of a "stampede to kill dissent and thwart justice," that "all you have to do is work for change and your personal freedom may be in jeopardy." One might find firmer ground for such a charge in other periods—say, the post-World-War-I era; and one might, without difficulty, make a far stronger case that never have we enjoyed so much freedom in so many areas—from books and films to "life styles." In Hollywood, writers who were blacklisted as Communists in the 1950's are again prospering. Dalton Trumbo, who, in 1950, after a court of appeals upheld his conviction for refusing to answer questions before the Committee on Un-American Activities, notified the nation that "all effective communication upon any important subject" had thereby become "the legitimate object of government regulation," has bridged the generation gap. Now he tells us, "Next time, it'll be something deadlier. If they can just find one scapegoat. After all, what are they going to do if this war goes on for three or four more years? They've got to smother dissent."

In the churches, in the army, in the corporations, even in Congress, dissent is in fact very much alive—sometimes fruitful, sometimes merely fitful, yet growing and spreading. The word "repression" is being used, very loosely, to cover a nervous society's confused reaction to the breakdown of old rules. But ideologues rarely make concessions to reality. The militants, busy at their game of radicalization, thrive on panic. The weakness of the Left today in the face of Nixon-Mitchell-Agnew has been laid to the complicity of liberals in the Vietnamese adventure and their floundering as Lyndon Johnson expanded the war. All right. But the present weakness is also tied to the success of the Movement in taking over stage center, a remarkable accomplishment considering the sparsity of their numbers and the paucity of their ideas, a tribute to the distracted times. Dissent has, in the worried public mind, come to be identified with the shrillest, most intemperate, kookiest people, a situation which the programmed Agnew has not failed to play upon.

The Movement has no future within politics. Its only hope of survival lies in hysteria and despair. The stagey William Kunstler goes here and there warning students against being diverted by electoral politics. Diverted from what? "You must learn to fight in the streets, learn to revolt, learn to shoot guns." Out of self-dramatization, self-indulgence, honest neurosis, idealism, and careful policy, the Movement's leaders have taken as their task the generating of passion, keeping the campuses and the streets in turmoil, exciting provocations and retaliation, recruiting bodies for new forays, and making middle-aged contributors feel young again. Such is the sum and substance of their policy. For if America is not the sink of violence and injustice that they proclaim, what need is there of them? Insofar as there is hope for improvement, there is no hope for their cause. Within the Movement are men and women who have taken great personal risk. But the greatest risk they run endangers the entire nation.

That part of the Left which has not entirely given up on our institutions will carry on its battles in the legislatures, the courts, the press. A humdrum prospect, and easily derided, for in such encounters one wins and loses, and no victory is final and no loss signals the end. But if the battle should indeed pour out into the streets, then we will learn what repression is; then we may be certain of a loss that will realize the most cherished nightmares of the apocalypticians of the New Left.

Reprints of this article are available at fifty cents each. Orders of 25 or more earn a twenty per cent discount.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holy, Holy, Holy . . .

Dan Jacobson

Business was poor for the Coptic priest in charge of the hindmost of the two tiny, domed, pillared chapels that stand back-to-back within the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. He kept on darting out from his place and signaling without effect to the tourists and pilgrims who were dutifully lining up to enter the bigger, more accessible Greek Orthodox chapel in front. Finally, I took pity on him. I entered his little fretted hutch of marble, ablaze with candles and hanging brass ornaments, reeking of incense. I bent down to see what he was pointing at. In front of me was the oblong end of a slab of black granite: one end of the sepulcher on which Christ's body was supposed to have lain. To my left was a wooden box in which were scattered some five-dollar bills, ten-pound notes, a few Swiss francs. The heat was stifling. I added a coin to the collection. The priest promptly said a prayer over me, and sprinkled my wrists and the back of my neck with holy water. He gave me a candle, too, as I stood up again, and I planted it in a stone candle-holder. When I had visited the chapel two years previously, I'd got nothing for my money. The priest on duty then had stood quite still, showing no interest in me, none in attracting other tourists: he had merely blinked sharply at the candles every now and again, as if pinching off their light between his lids.

Otherwise, no changes. How could there be? Under the great central dome of the church, handfuls of masons and plasterers were still going about their never-ending task of keeping one section or another of the maze-like structure from tumbling down. An enormous circular band of steel ran around the interior of the rotunda, at its widest point, like a truss, a girdle, an orthopedic brace. That, I think, was new. One by one the tourists came out of the Greek Orthodox chapel, all wearing an identical expression: of embarrassment chiefly, and of a certain relief at getting out of the heat, constriction, glitter, and implausible solemnity of the place they had just visited. Though they had just seen the marble-covered bunk on which Jesus's body had lain, and the stone which had covered up the mouth of the tomb, none looked devout or moved; not even the party of German pilgrims who, with labels on their shirts and dresses, were being shepherded about by a handsome German priest. They gathered in front of the twisted barley-sugar columns of the chapel and waited for their guide to lead them to the next point of interest.

The Hill of Calvary, of course. Golgotha. The place of the skull. The site of the crucifixion. Just a few yards away, within the walls of the basilica itself. ("Very handy for the undertaking business," remarked the Israeli who had accompanied me on my visit two years previously.) A dozen narrow steps wind up to the top of the "hill," where there are two altars, one Greek and one Roman—both extravagantly adorned and illumined, and surrounded by garish mosaics. On one wall a flushed, startled-looking Abraham was still addressing himself to the task of sacrificing his well-trussed son: an event that took place just a few hundred yards away, according to ancient legend, where the Dome of the Rock stands, in the center of the Temple Mount. ("It's the same story," the Israeli I quoted a moment ago had exclaimed, looking from that mosaic to another of Jesus on the cross, and appearing suddenly chastened by the discovery. "It's the same story exactly!") A Greek Orthodox priest made passes with his candle in front of his altar, and summoned everyone who climbed the steps to come this way, *bitte,* please; on the floor in front of the Roman altar a sandaled monk in white robes knelt by himself, his head held unmoving in his clasped hands.

My last recollection of the church on this visit is of another solitary at prayer. At least, that's what I must assume he was doing. Or hope he was doing. Far beneath Calvary, beneath the level of the Sepulcher itself, beneath even the altar which marks the site of St. Helena's discovery of the true cross, there is yet another cave, beyond which one cannot go. The steps end; the rough stone arches over to the floor; there is a smell of must, of air that no breeze has ever stirred. There, in the half-light, a wolfish expression on his face, muttering fiercely to himself in

---

Dan Jacobson's new novel, *The Rape of Tamar,* will be published this month by Macmillan. Among Mr. Jacobson's other works are *Through the Wilderness,* a collection of short stories, and *The Beginners,* a novel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French, his shoulders contracted and his fingers flying, a man in a neat, double-breasted blue suit was pacing up and down with the tireless rapidity of a beast in a zoo. No other visitors were about. The sounds of his whispers and footsteps were magnified by the close, curving walls. He took no notice of my arrival and none of my departure. He was busy. He had other things on his mind.

Late that same night, elsewhere, more caverns: those revealed by recent excavations to the side of the Western Wall. But these were open to the night and the floodlighting outside. In one of them, lying on his stomach on a plain wooden table, like an old-fashioned kitchen table, was a bearded American Negro. A checked blanket covered his legs and hips; on his head was a gold-embroidered *yarmulke*, the emblem of Jewish Orthodoxy. Seated on a stool next to him was another American, a white one, dressed in a blue windbreaker, bare-headed and clean-shaven. The white youth was talking intently: from what I could overhear he was merely telling the other some kind of anecdote. "So this guy said to him. . . . And then the other guy turned round and said. . . ." "Yeah," replied the black at intervals, with more politeness than interest, "I can imagine." Outside, against the floodlit wall, some Hasidim swayed and chanted; another man stood by himself, silently, motionlessly, his head against the pallid, giant stones. Herod's stones; megalomaniac stones.

When I returned to the Wall the next afternoon the black man was still there; he was now devoutly tying his phylacteries around his arm. His companion of the previous evening had disappeared. From a gap in a flanking wall high above, the inevitable military figure kept the scene well covered with his Uzzi submachine gun. The mess of rubble and trenches, bulldozers and barbed wire, that had occupied the area in front of the Wall two years before was now gone. In its place was a graveled, beflagged parade-ground of noble, indeed of almost Herodian, proportions.

ONE CANNOT avoid a note of absurdity in talking about the holy places. One shouldn't even try to avoid it. Not merely because so much of what is pressed upon one's attention when one visits them is absurd; but because it is only through their absurdity that one can arrive at any sense of what is enduringly strange and affecting about them. Their comedy is indistinguishable from their pathos and power: the power, on the one hand, of man's drive to achieve transcendence, to overcome time and mortality, to share in the divine; the pathos, on the other hand, of the means he uses in reaching out beyond himself, the forms he has chosen to represent that toward which he yearns, the swiftness with which he becomes fatigued and settles for less. That is the enduring comedy of Jerusalem—a city of sharply-hewn angles and ragged declivities, sprawling over its hills on the very edge of an appalling wilderness; a comedy as vile to the taste as Dead Sea water. For if ever there is a city whose stones tell us that there is *no* deliverance from time and history, that the millennia spent in hope of such a deliverance—fighting for it, praying for it, building for it—have been wasted, it is Jerusalem. It has to be Jerusalem.

No wonder, then, that the events all take place within such a small area: the divine events, and the wars fought by Jebusites, Jews, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Franks, Turks, British, Jews again, over the divine events, or because of the divine events. How could it be otherwise? If ever there was a Jesus, *of course* he had to be crucified not more than a few hundred yards away from the hill where Abraham was ready to sacrifice Isaac; and if Christ rose out of his sepulcher, how could Mohammed *not* ascend to heaven on his steed from the same small hill? Not to speak of all the innumerable wonderful or terrible happenings between each of these occasions, and since them too. And if you don't believe that such events must necessarily, by their very nature, all occur within the same small area, then you can take the bus to Bethlehem, not twenty minutes' ride away.

But here I must interrupt myself with an incidental admission. No, two admissions: both marginal, but both revealing something of the complexities of assumption, convention, training, sub-belief, anti-belief, and expectation that can lie unsuspected in one's mind until one is startled into an awareness of their presence and mutual dependence. The first admission is that it was in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and still more strongly in the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, with its handsome red pillars, and wide, bare floors, and elaborate wooden ceiling, and faded fragments of murals on the walls of the nave, that I realized, Jew though I am, and alien though I'd always imagined myself to feel in any church, that the physical forms of expressed piety to which I am most positively attracted, which seem most "natural" and comprehensible to me, which produce in me a stillness I would be tempted to call religious (were I religious)—that these forms are all Christian, and are inevitably associated in my imagination with such spaces, such pillars, such ceilings, such singing, such colored windows, such brass altars. Strange that I hadn't ever fully known this about myself before coming to Bethlehem: the very day after I had visted Mea Shearim, the quarter of Jerusalem where the most zealously Orthodox Jews live. More strange still: that I should have at last allowed myself this insight at places I could visit only because they have been seized and held open for me to do so by the troops of a Jewish army.

That is the first admission. The second is that I was disappointed in Bethlehem. My disappointment did not spring from the fact that it was so

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

small, hardly more than a suburb of Jerusalem; nor from seeing that it was positively littered with trashy souvenir shops and natal bric-a-brac. That was to be expected. No, what disappointed me about Bethlehem was that, without at all knowing I had done so, I had formed in my mind a fairly detailed picture of what it would be like; and it was those quite unconscious expectations which the town miserably failed to fulfill. I had thought Bethlehem would lie in the lap of some gently sloping hills; on the hills there would be tall, upright cypresses; beautifully defined pathways would wind up the hills toward their vanishing point, with perhaps a ruined pillar or two indicating the way. . . . in short, that Bethlehem would somehow, magically, resemble all those Tuscan landscapes in the quattrocento Nativity paintings I had looked at over the years. Instead, Bethlehem was a bleak, stony place, severe and comfortless, not at all cradle-like, stuck high on its own hill and making no more "balanced" a "composition" with what was around it than any other haphazard-seeming Arab town or village.

But there it was, anyway, Bethlehem: where Rachel—*Imenu*, our mother, as the Jews have since called her—beloved wife of Jacob, died in giving birth to Benjamin, Jacob's youngest son. Where else, then, could another mother of sorrows give birth to *her* child, when her time came (even if she had to travel all the way from the Galilee to do so)? Especially as David had been born there, too: the greatest Hebrew of them all, another youngest son, and the progenitor of all Messiahs yet to come.

So we went into the Church of the Nativity. A couple of forlorn Armenian priests were saying Mass in the Armenian chapel; their only communicant was a little robed boy, who held a censer in his hand and swung it back and forth in an irregular, absent-minded fashion. In front of a more prominent altar a group of Greek priests were gathering to say their Mass. In the cramped grotto beneath the church, a gaudy metal star inlaid upon a marble slab marked the site of the birth; another, the site of the crib in which the baby was laid. My companion and I climbed the stairs and wandered out through a side-door. Stone walls, stony alleyways, glimpses of domes, of flights of steps going away at angles. We went down one set of steps and found our path blocked by a screen of iron bars, behind which, on a wide stone shelf, lay heaps of human bones. Standing there, we were joined by a bearded priest who must have seen us go down the steps and chosen to follow us. He was dressed in a flowing black habit, and wore a black velvet hat on his head. His nose was absolutely covered with warts of different sizes; it looked like a sponge, or some other kind of marine growth. He had joined us silently; but once we had greeted him he became quite talkative. We were tourists? So. From England? So. He was Russian. Of Russian church. Of Russian monastery. But not Communist. No. Communists no good. Many Russian churches in Palestine: some Communist, no good; others not Communist, good.

Finally I asked him, "Whose bones are those?"

He did not hesitate for a moment. "Is bones of little children killed by King Herod."

I stared at the bones. I saw knee-caps like saucers. Thigh-bones like clubs.

"Is bones of little innocent babies killed by King Herod," the monk repeated, smiling gently and persuasively. "He want to kill our Lord, so he kill all children."

We nodded, thanked him for the information, and made our way up the stairs. When we got to the top I saw an Arab guide go by, marching down the alley toward the souvenir shops at the far end, with a couple of apprehensive-looking Americans in tow. At the sight of the guide's official badge, I couldn't restrain myself.

"What is this place?" I called out to him. "What are those bones down there?"

He didn't deign to break his stride, or even to look in my direction. He flung out his answer offhand, the peak of his jaunty, semi-military cap pointing straight ahead.

"Crusader bones."

Mea Shearim. Friday evening. *Erev Shabbat.* We had approached through the Abyssinian quarter: old Jerusalem houses of stone, stone, always of stone; metal doors, arched windows, and fancy iron-work grilles; cypresses and pepper-trees; a grand Abyssinian church with crowned Lions of Judah guarding the gates and Amharic (?) texts cut into the arch above. Then the road ran downhill—and suddenly ended, there was no longer a road, just alleyways, some a little wider than others, all narrow. A few children were playing about, occasionally a woman passed. There were no men to be seen abroad, for they were all attending services, they were all in *shul*. On every corner, in every block, they had gathered in their houses of prayer, the biggest of which was hardly bigger than an ordinary living room, the smallest the size of a back bedroom. Some of them opened directly upon the alleys before them, others were set back in beggarly, unpaved courtyards. Candles burned in all of them; all were filled with wooden chairs or benches; all had a curtained Ark—some hardly more than a wooden box—where the Scrolls of the Law were kept. From all a babble of prayer ascended. In a few of the rooms there were only kaftaned, ringleted zealots, in their stockinged legs and enormous black hats; but in most, rather to my surprise, the congregation was mixed: a sprinkling of zealots in their 18th-century garb; men wearing the long earlocks and beards of the Orthodox, but dressed in poverty-stricken modern clothes; clean-shaven men without earlocks, identical in appearance to those

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jerusalemites in other quarters of the city who were spending the Sabbath eve in entirely secular fashion. Steps lead up and down, past more courtyards and more *shuls*; the light now gone from the sky, cats cross our path like suddenly animated, purposeful fragments of night; piles of pungent garbage stink at corners; unexpected vistas (relatively speaking) open up like a materialization of one's vaguest notion of a street in the most backward *shtetl* in a remote corner of Bukovina or Galicia two hundred years ago—low buildings, dust, a bent old woman hobbling along, a piece of iron clanking in a sudden breeze, small doors, obscure gleams within patched windows.

We stand at the doors or windows of the *shuls*, myself and my guide: he an Israeli, an intellectual, who has something stronger than a nostalgia for the scenes he is witnessing; were he on his own, I know, he might join one or another of these congregations. He told me before we set out that he has often done so in the past. On being seen by people in many of the *shuls*, we are waved in eagerly, offered prayer books, invited to share in the hospitality of their shabby temples. In others, nobody takes the slightest notice of us. Men sit about and talk, others stand, pray, sway, join in with the reader, absently turn the pages of their books while their lips move silently, each as he pleases. Little boys abound: caps or big black hats on their heads, ringlets swinging from their temples. Many are like tiny carbon-copy images of their fathers, wearing miniature versions of their fathers' silk kaftans, rocking their bodies and jerking their heads in the same way, while they repeat incessantly the same words. Another group of children outside, however, is playing hide-and-seek, and I realize just how sundered I feel from the world I am familiar with when it comes as a positive shock to see that they play the game as children do anywhere else: one hides his head in the crook of his arm and counts, the others run away and hide.

Only in one *shul* were they singing tunefully, in unison, loudly and with relish, as against the random chanting and muttering elsewhere: that was in the *shul*, my guide told me, for Bokharan Jews. The strangest of all, suitably enough, was the *shul* of the Kabbalists. A large room, one of the biggest we saw. An oppressively low, flat ceiling, supported by a few insubstantial-looking pillars. No benches or chairs in rows, but instead several oblong tables, each covered with a white cloth. On every table a single candle in a tall holder, providing the only light. Perhaps half-a-dozen men seated around each table: great fur hats on their heads, kaftans of black or a rusty brown drawn with a cord around their waists, white undergarments. No noise, no swaying, no supplication. Some read silently from their books in the weak, flickering light; others just stare in a great daze at the flames. We stand there for several minutes, looking in. No one appears to see us, no one changes his position, no one speaks to another or even to himself. They are as if hypnotized, transfixed; like figures in a dream, or from some tale of one's childhood; struck by a wand and unable to move ever again; held in a bemused stillness that will endure until the Messiah at last is brought down by their conjurations.

Outside, the walls are plastered with notices of all kinds. PROSTITUTES OUT! DON'T DEFILE OUR AIR WITH YOUR LEWDNESS! (i.e. mini-skirts). Desperate demands that all autopsies be halted immediately. Dark references to Dr. Christiaan Barnard's heart transplants. Another notice very politely begs "our dear visitors" to have respect for "our Holy Law" and to dress decently. Looking at these now, rather than at more *shuls* and more congregations, we make our way out of the quarter and back into the business center of modern Jerusalem. In comparison with what we've just seen, Zion Square, the Jaffa Road, and Ben Yehuda Street look spacious, clean, bright, orderly—none of which they in fact are.

BY DAY, the Orthodox zealots made a different impression: one that I confess I found far more graceless, ugly, even repellent, than that made by the Greek Orthodox priests, or the Roman Catholic monks and nuns, or the Moslem religious dignitaries in their off-white robes, paunch-encircling waistbands, and red or green tarbooshes. Is it because in some way I must acknowledge a kinship to the *yeshiva bocherim* and their elders that I simply do not feel toward the others? Very probably. Or because there are simply so many more of the Jewish zealots than of the others? That too seems likely. Or is it, I couldn't help asking myself after my momentary insight in Bethlehem into the surreptitious conditioning I had undergone, that I didn't have any belief—not even, or especially not, an "aesthetic" belief—in their approach to their God, in their manner of calling upon Him, of presenting themselves to Him, of presenting Him to me?

But if that were the case, I should have felt them to be repellent when I'd seen them at prayer, even more than when I just saw them walking about the streets of the city. Yet that was not how their gracelessness had affected me then; nor the shabbiness of their little houses of prayer and the poverty of their quarter; nor the discordance of their voices and the forlorn fervor of their bobbing heads and absorbed faces. Far from it. In their activity I may not have felt an intimation of any transcendent power or eternal truth. But in some profoundly affecting sense they had appeared to need no such grand sanction or justification for what they were doing. Obviously, their sanction was that of representing the past, of personifying a peculiar history, of preserving it, making it visible, holding it under our eyes and noses. That was the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

secret of their authority in their own quarter, doing their work; it was also the secret of their impotence and irrelevance in the light of day.

It is also, I suspect, the secret of some of the patience shown to them by so many other Israelis: not merely by the surprisingly high proportion of Israelis who remain strongly attached to the religion of their ancestors (without feeling any obligation to look or live like *that*), but also by the Israelis who pride themselves on their secularism. The past which these Orthodox represent—and which I suspect they know they represent; they know that they are playing a role, and they cannot imagine, or dare not imagine, any other for themselves—is one which shows the Jews at their most different from any other people on earth, at their weakest, their least capable of defending themselves and hence the most provocative of persecution. *Therefore*, the Jews of Israel, who are armed and self-governing, who do have the ambition of becoming like all other peoples, will protect them, will put up with the contumely with which they regard the state, will give them privileges, such as exemption from army service, which no other Jews in the country are granted. *Davke*! Because they suffer so much in that past in which they have become fixed, because they are pallid and stoop-shouldered, because young men of an age to be in the army walk hand-in-hand with their fathers, repeating their words in a sing-song after them—other young men who serve in the front line along the Jordan River not forty minutes' drive away, and who carry their guns about the streets of Jerusalem with the casual vigilance with which a woman carries her handbag, will take good care of them; and so will the institutions of the state.

For which the state is duly thanked, by some of the zealots, by showers of stones, offers to surrender to the Jordanians, and campaigns against abominations of every variety from mini-skirts to television on the Sabbath. But all that, too, will be tolerated with an astonishing degree of patience. It's not an ignoble attitude. It is also the smallest, most glancing illustration of how complex is the relationship of the Israel of today to the torments that lie behind it. And to the torments that lie ahead of it, too.

But I want to refrain from passing my opinion on such topics as the Israeli national character; the rights of the Palestine Arabs; the aching, unbridgeable gulf between the two peoples; the most desirable disposition of borders for all concerned, should peace ever come; and a host of similar subjects. Who knows, if I keep my views to myself, for just this once, perhaps X (the Zionist apologist), and Y (the universal humanist), and Z (the Marxist), will be good enough to do the same on some future occasion.

I am being frivolous about serious matters? Well, all right. But not more so than certain other men-of-letters and day-trippers who appear to imagine that the passing of opinions is in itself a daring and momentous undertaking; indeed, whose manner of speaking suggests that the true importance of the whole tragedy lies in the opportunity it gives them to display their moral sensibilities and peddle their political insights.

However, I insist: I am not implying that the subjects and scenes I *have* chosen to touch upon are "deeper" than those I have avoided; or lie beyond them; or are in any way finally separable from the wearying, bloody contingencies of the past and present in which everyone in Israel and the countries around it is inextricably entrapped.

After the smells, cries, and jostling crowds; after the hundreds of shops and stalls selling everything from sheep's decapitated heads to olive-wood rosaries and Haig's Whiskey; after the endless maze of passageways of the Old City, many of them entirely covered over, like the galleries of a mine—the wind blew unobstructed across the high, bare platform of the Temple Mount. In spite of the innumerable photographs of it that I had seen, the Mount was very different from what I had expected it to be. I knew beforehand that it occupied a great area of the Old City, its walls for part of its circumference forming part of the wall of the City itself; I was prepared for the colorfulness of the Dome of the Rock; I recognized the silver-domed, sprawling mosque to one side as El Aksa; even the size of the platform, impressive though it was, did not come as much of a surprise. No, what was really surprising about it was that the whole place had such a pleasant, rundown air; so casual, comfortable a look of desuetude and abandonment.

The Mount was like the grounds of some huge, deserted family residence which no one has bothered properly to keep up since the death of the master and the departure of the children to more convenient quarters. A flat, paved area stretches away to the right of the mosque—covering Solomon's Stables, supposedly. Further along is a neglected-looking olive grove, with grass growing between the trees, and fallen twigs and unripe fruit fallen on the ground, perhaps blown down by the wind. Directly in front of the Dome of the Rock is an elaborate structure of taps and stone basins and benches, where the faithful can wash their feet before donning their shoes again. The wall along the eastern side is pierced with battlements and slits for shooting through, and the Mount of Olives looms over it, seeming closer than it really is, for the Valley of Kidron is hidden from one's view. A few ancient Arabs sit on a stone bench; a younger man washes his feet at the fountains. Another group of tourists enters: a little taken aback, as I feel myself to be, by the dwarfing size and emptiness of the scene suddenly revealed to them, which goes so strangely with its appearance of ungroomed, peaceful privacy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The entire Old City—enclosed within its medieval walls, stuck high upon its eminence—is like a huge stone coffer; and the Mount is another box within that. At its center is the brilliant, improbable Dome, a bubble of gold mounted on an octagon of blue and yellow tiles. Here the charged mystery and strife of Jerusalem should be manifest, palpable, at its most painful. But nothing of the kind. Jerusalem's ironies are inexhaustible, it would seem. From the splendidly ornate entrance to the Dome there emerges a slack, unsightly electric wire which is carried across to a pole nearby. Suspended from the pole is an electronic loudspeaker, which in due course will magnify the cry of the *muezzin*, calling his flock to prayer. No one comes in or out of the mosque. When I approach it too closely I am peremptorily ordered away by an armed Arab guard. The same thing happens at El Aksa. It doesn't matter; no harm done. The old Arabs don't even turn their heads. They are content to sit there, domestically sunning themselves in what one is inevitably tempted to think of as God's own backyard.

Both on my most recent visit and that of two years ago, I would add, I made only one other attempt to enter a mosque: that too was unsuccessful. It was in Hebron, at the mosque over the so-called Tomb of the Patriarchs—an unsightly, shabby lump of a place, as I recall it. Of that visit I remember chiefly the assault made upon us in the parking lot by a horde of beggar children who offered to clean the car, to guard the car, to be our guides, to sell us sheepskin coats; and who, when these offers had been declined, simply demanded *baksheesh* at the tops of their voices. They were as insistent as flies, and far more aggressive. There could be no mistake about their aggression, and the form it took: more ancient than any bogus tomb of a patriarch; the one permanently available weapon of the poor and powerless against those they hate. Their demeanor was in strong contrast, however, with that of the hollow-cheeked guard or porter behind the door of the mosque, who was quite firm about not letting us in, but was subdued to the point of dejection in carrying out the job. "*Hem mitpallelim*" —they are praying—he kept on repeating; it seemed to be the only Hebrew phrase he knew. So we went back down the flights of steps, between the high, dirty walls, to face another encounter with the children.

"MILITARY VEHICLES ONLY" said the sign. In the distance a jeep carrying four helmeted men, with a machine gun mounted at the back, went spinning away down the asphalted, forbidden track. Two years ago I'd been able to travel along that road to the ruined Abdullah Bridge across the Jordan River, and from there a couple of miles upstream to the Ethiopian monastery guarding the traditional site of Jesus's baptism. The spot was marked by a few pillars and curved steps, forming something almost like a little amphitheater, that took you down to the water; there had also been some execrable verses about the remission of sins painted in German and English upon a board, and the remains of picnic fires here and there among the blue gums and acacias. The tall reeds on the other side of the river, barely ten yards across, had been impenetrable. Later, driving toward Jericho, we had seen an Ethiopian monk and an Ethiopian nun, each with a black umbrella as a protection against the sun, taking a stroll in the middle of the empty road. Two absurd, quasi-connubial figures, far from Abyssinia: the only moving things among the encrusted, salt-barren dunes of the valley.

Now that way to Jericho was closed. But you could still take a higher road to the town. Or you could turn right to Qumran, where the archaeological excavations are more easily comprehensible to the layman than the anonymous bits of masonry protruding from the walls of the deep shafts at Jericho. In the one direction you will see a notice telling you that you are passing the lowest point on the surface of the earth. In the other direction a sign will tell you that you are visiting the oldest continuously inhabited site in the world.

The oldest, the lowest. . . . In the bare valley, under the fierce sun, the wilderness of Judea behind you and the Dead Sea and the cliffs of Moab in front, with a constant pressure in your ears that sometimes you think of as a sound and sometimes as a silence, it all seems probable enough. The vast mausoleum of human history, an American poet once wrote, is even emptier than one had supposed. It is a good place to recall his words.

A two-year absence cannot appear to be of much consequence in such a landscape. A road has been closed during that time. A Jordanian army camp has been turned into a Nahal outpost, where, behind dark netting, they are trying to grow tiny green plants in rows, out of the flinty, salty soil. Six burned-out Jordanian tanks, in perfect line astern at some distance from the road, have been stripped of all their spare parts, and have sunk just a little further into the sand.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Non-Generation Gap

Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab

DURING THE MONTH of May, following upon the invasion of Cambodia and the killings at Kent State, it appeared that the United States might be faced with a sudden revolt approaching the magnitude of that in France two years earlier. Not surprisingly, there was a corresponding increase in the volume of talk about the young and about the famous gap which presumably separates them from their elders in the universities, in the government, and in the country as a whole. Yet from the willingness of faculties to cancel examinations and to allow students to gain course credit while engaging in political activity, it should have become apparent to everyone to whom it had not already been apparent that on the American campus, at least, no great gap exists between the generations. But what of the society at large? There too, in our opinion, the idea of a generation gap is misleading, for the basic divisions in American society show up less clearly in any examination of the differences between the young and their elders than they do when one examines the differences *within* the younger generation itself. Thus, for example, in 1968 there were hundreds of thousands of young people who rejected both Nixon and Humphrey because they were too "conservative"; and there were hundreds of thousands of young people who rejected both Humphrey and Nixon because they were too "liberal." Another kind of example has been noted in the two top money-making films of 1968, *The Graduate* and *The Green Berets*, films which posed sharply antagonistic values and attracted different multitudes of young people.

Karl Mannheim has suggested the term "generation-units" to describe groups which fall within the same temporal generation but which have disparate identities or visions. At the present time young people in America are clearly divisible into three such generation-units—units, moreover, among which serious conflicts of ominous potential for American society are now brewing: those who renounce modern Western society; those who, far from renouncing it, desperately want a piece of its action; and those who as desperately want to keep the—often tenuous—piece of the action they have. Needless to say, these groups are not firm; there is much drift, and the variety of commitment is considerable, with most of the youth population not actively engaged at all. Nevertheless this uninvolved majority tends to gravitate toward one or another of the activist positions which together describe the sharp intra-generational conflict facing American society.

THE FIRST GROUP, the proponents of renunciation, may not be the most significant in many ways, but it is certainly the most spectacular, and it is the mound on which the myth of *the* generation gap has been built. Many reasons, some obvious and others less so, have been advanced to explain the special qualities of this particular group, which is drawn, of course, from the elite of the college-going population. The renouncers, it is suggested, occupy a marginal position in society, caught as they are between the security and status derived from their families and the obligation to find a status of their own. Like all marginal types, they suffer from peculiar insecurities, but for that reason they also have a special capacity to discern the imperfections of society. They are freer than other members of their own generation, as well as their elders, to act without concern for consequences. They are footloose, in between engagements so to speak, and they have considerable amounts of energy to burn. The easy communication that exists on university campuses makes it possible for like-minded students to find one another. Out of their new awareness as members of an intellectual community, out of their detached and advantaged position, students are better able than most to recognize the inconsistencies around them, and can better afford to be offended by them. Sometimes their horizons are limited to the institutions that are closest at hand, the universities

SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET and EARL RAAB are co-authors of *The Politics of Unreason: Right-Wing Extremism in America 1790-1970*, which will be published by Harper & Row in the fall. Mr. Lipset, professor of government and sociology at Harvard University, is the author of, among other works, *Revolution and Counterrevolution*, a revised edition of which will be issued in December by Anchor Books. Mr. Raab is the executive director of the Jewish Community Relations Council of San Francisco and the co-author of *Major Social Problems*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

themselves, as was the case throughout much of the 19th century; in periods of broad social ferment, however, like our own, the whole world and its problems become their concern.

For a time there was a tendency, abetted by the mass media, to believe that the renouncers were the dominant, or the only "cutting edge," generation-unit of the youth of the 1960's. But over the past few years, another significant group has come to the surface. This less-publicized group is identified by the support it gave George Wallace in the Presidential election of 1968. Both the Gallup and Harris polls reported, in a number of pre-election surveys, that a quarter of the younger (under thirty) voters favored Wallace, as compared with a fifth of the older voters —an age difference that held up in *both* Southern and non-Southern states. Post-election surveys indicated that in the Northern states there had been a 13 per cent Wallace bite into the vote at the twenty-one- to twenty-five-year-old level, compared with 3 per cent at the fifty-plus level. The same pattern obtained at all educational levels: a higher proportion of younger voters than of older voters were likely to have voted for Wallace, regardless of whether they were grade-school, high-school, or college graduates. But, of course, a disproportionately small number of Wallace voters in general were college graduates. As a matter of fact, a Yankelovich-*Fortune* poll taken a month before the election indicated that 25 per cent of those in the eighteen to twenty-four bracket who were not in college expressed a preference for Wallace, as against 7 per cent of those attending college. One of the social conditions of the intra-generational gap is already apparent in these data.

It is necessary to recall that the Wallace movement was, in its own way, as much a "political skin" as the New Left—more expressive, that is, than instrumental politics. In this particular instance, what the movement gave voice to was not merely racism but backlash, which can be defined as an attempt on the part of a disaffected segment of the population to recover a status which seems to be slipping away. Indeed, all right-wing extremist movements throughout American history have arisen against the background of economic and social changes which resulted in the displacement of some population groups from former positions of dominance. In each case—whether it be the Know-Nothings of the 1850's, the revived Klan of the 20's, or whatever—the backlash movement identified its "enemy," which in reality was social change, as one or another ethnic group (Irish, Catholics, Jews, blacks) that became invested with the role of "displacer." But, by and large, it is not racism or ethnic bigotry that creates backlash political movements; rather, it is the backlash against displacement that creates, activates, refreshes, and politicizes bigotry.

THE RELATIONS between the Wallace movement and the American workingman is a classic case in point. Working- and lower-middle-class whites, as much popular journalism has recently noted, are currently suffering from an acute sense of displacement. Hard surface problems contribute to the discontent—inflation, taxes, crime, public disorder—but, in the words of a special *Newsweek* report: ". . . the middle-American malaise cuts much deeper—right to those fundamental questions of the sanctity of work and the stability of the family, of whether a rewarding middle-class life is still possible in modern America." Behind it all is a sense of powerlessness, of diminishing social and political status. This disaffection is felt no less, and in some way more, intensely by working-class youth. Sociologists William Simon, John H. Gagnon, and Donald Carns comment:

> Now, as the post-industrial society advances and changes, the possibilities for working-class youth to recognize themselves in the emerging images of man have significantly lessened. They may well be looking to society for some sense of confirmation as to who they are and who they might become, and they may be looking increasingly in vain. Part of the problem has been the failure of the society's cultural middle men, its intellectuals, even to begin to recognize this population. . . . [These] anti-establishment intellectuals may be hard to distinguish from the establishment itself. . . . For working-class populations, particularly the young, these anti-establishment groups have become the establishment, at least to the degree that they set the tone for the surface imagery of our times. And, for example, much is said of the crisis of the colleges and the ghetto schools, both apparently requiring growing investments of society's resources. Does anyone for a moment think that the quality of education in the working-class schools in this country—both public and parochial—is any better? That the slaughter of human potential and sensibility is any less severe? Or that a crisis of identity equal in magnitude to that of the children of the affluent middle class or those of the ghetto is not going on among the youth of the working class? . . . For him [the working-class young person] racial integration (and the disruption of community life that he feels, not without justification, must follow) is part of an organized effort within which agents of government, the mass media, and even the church are conspirators. Thus he too becomes anti-establishment, but for him it is a liberal establishment, and before it he feels increasingly powerless. . . .

It was from among this generation-unit that George Wallace drew his disproportionately youthful support. Wallace also received considerable backing from such sub-groups as union members and the police. Samuel Lubell, in a number of pre-election commentaries, noted that older unionists, recalling the economic gains

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which they had achieved under previous Democratic administrations, tended to be for Humphrey. Younger members, however, took trade unions and prosperity for granted, and were more prone to defect either to Nixon or to Wallace on issues of taxes, integration, crime-in-the-streets, and the like. A private national poll of union members, conducted before the 1968 national conventions, found that the younger workers were strongly inclined toward Wallace. A New York *Times* reporter discerned the same pattern among the police:

> "What we're seeing, I think," said a police lieutenant in Lower Manhattan, "are dissident youth on the police force—like around the universities. They're exploding. They're fighting back against what they consider an intolerable situation. Just as there's a New Left on the campuses, there seems to be a New Right among some younger men in the Police Department."
>
> The lieutenant and several other police officials who were interviewed . . . stated [that the New Right] was largely composed of men in their 20s who feel—perhaps more strongly than older men—the frustrations of being a policeman: hostility from some segments of the community, overt attacks in slum neighborhoods, the belief that political leaders are preventing them from enforcing the law forcefully enough, a persistent conviction that the police are abused in the courts while criminals are "coddled."

Another journalist, reporting on the emergence of a militantly right-wing organization of New York police, the Law Enforcement Group (LEG), suggests that it symbolizes "a strong swing to the Right among . . . young policemen in particular." LEG is largely composed of younger policemen (one-third of New York's force is composed of men under thirty), while the "traditionally conservative Patrolmen's Benevolent Association (PBA) . . . [is] dominated by older men. . . ."

The youth factor has worked to produce a far different picture of police-leftist friction from the one commonly held. Rather than a confrontation *between* generations, between young radical demonstrators on the one side and wide-beamed, middle-aged cops on the other, what emerges is a clash of contemporaries. In their own way, the young police officers on the Right are as unhappy with the current state of affairs in America as are their opposite numbers on the Left.

In addition to the two youthful generation-units we have considered so far—those pursuing a course of total renunciation of traditional society, and those seeking to preserve and intensify traditional social norms, whose promise they feel is being stripped away from them by change—there is still a third major unit, consisting of those who want to change the traditional society just enough so that they can get into it for the first time. This last group still includes the bulk of black youth. All polls indicate that at least three-quarters of "embittered" black youth are appalled not by the system, but by their failure to get into it. They want an industrial American society that is rich and powerful, but also one in which the money and power relationships will have been drastically changed. They are joined in this aspiration by radical ideologues, white and black alike, with their super-rationalistic concepts of how this can be achieved.

There are thus two major gaps, or axes of polarization, evident among American young people today. The first is an axis of value, one of whose poles is renunciation, the other acceptance. Both the backlash youth and the radical youth, including a substantial part of the black youth, occupy the pole of acceptance together. The second axis is an axis of interest: how power and wealth are to be distributed. One pole of that axis is occupied by the backlash youth; the other, by the radicals.

ANY ATTEMPT to estimate the relative sizes of the three shifting generation-units must be frankly cavalier. The survey material would put 10 per cent of the youth population, at most, out on the renunciation-pole. For example, the extensive 1969 Yankelovich-CBS survey of 4,000 youths, aged eighteen to twenty-four, established five "types," among whom are "revolutionaries," who held to the whole of a five-belief index affirming that the American social system is "too rotten for repair," that destroying property and assaulting police were justifiable tactics, and so forth; and "dissidents," who held to one or more of these beliefs but not to all of them. A little less than one per cent showed up as "revolutionaries" and a little less than 10 per cent as "dissidents." Almost all the "revolutionaries" were college students. About the same proportion of both college and non-college youth scored as "dissidents." But there are clear indications that the "dissidents" among the non-college youth do not represent the same strain as they do among the students. In answering questions about whether American national interests are worth fighting for, or whether civil disobedience is ever justified, the students responded in an ideologically consistent way; that is, the "dissidents" were consistently more negative on all questions than those scoring as more conservative. However, the responses of those not attending college were less consistent. For example, a much higher percentage of the non-college "dissidents" felt that the United States should fight to defend its national interests, and that civil disobedience is never justified, than did the non-college "reformers" who generally answered the questions more "conservatively." Many of the most bitter among the radical youth—those who just "want in"—probably scored as "dissidents." Over a quar-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter of the non-college "dissidents" were non-white.

In any case, most of the young people polled clearly did not end up in the renunciation camp. The non-college youth scored consistently less liberal than their college counterparts, but both groups contained large majorities who still give credence to the traditional American verities. For example, 72 per cent of the college youth and 82 per cent of those not in college believed that "competition encourages excellence"; 56 per cent of the students and 79 per cent of the non-students agreed that "hard work will always pay off"; three-quarters of the former and 87 per cent of the latter thought that "the right to private property is sacred." A number of other 1969 surveys, using a variety of research techniques, by Gallup, Roper, the *College Poll*, *Psychology Today*, and Harris, each reported comparable results. Thus, a Roper poll of college seniors indicated that over three-quarters thought that American political and business institutions were basically sound. Less than 10 per cent were "very critical."

The Yankelovich-*Fortune* poll divided the college population into two parts: those who said they were going to college for practical, personal reasons; and those who were going to college "to change things rather than make out well within the existing system." The latter were called "forerunners." They were mostly majoring in the liberal arts and came from relatively well-to-do families. The survey indicated that about a fifth of the "forerunners" felt a "sense of solidarity and identification" with the New Left. On the other hand, the vocationally-oriented "practicals," who form the large majority of college students, responded to value questions more like the non-college youth than like the "forerunners." When asked whether more emphasis is needed on "law and order," 91 per cent of the non-college youth, 78 per cent of the "practicals," and 39 per cent of the "forerunners" answered "Yes." The survey also revealed that 11 per cent of the college students and 21 per cent of the non-students held a coherent set of beliefs about the general need to preserve rather than change or reform matters in the society, which placed them well to the Right of the "moderates."

There is undoubtedly a "generation-gap" within each of the three tendencies—renunciatory, radical, or backlash—but politically, at least, the more significant fact is that the basic direction of the younger generation is in most cases the same as that of their parents; they go with the parental grain rather than against it. This is a standard finding of studies seeking to probe the comparative political stances of parents and their activist children, whether members of the Young Americans for Freedom (YAF) or Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). Kenneth Keniston concludes that the New Leftists are largely "red diaper babies"—that is, the offspring of present and former radicals. Samuel Lubell reports: "Easily the most important single stream was the sons and daughters of one-time Socialists, Communists, and other Leftists." Richard Flacks finds: "Activists are more 'radical' than their parents; but activists' parents are decidedly more liberal than others of their status. . . . [The] great majority of these students are attempting to fulfill and renew the political traditions of their families. . . . Activism is related to a complex of values, not ostensibly political, shared by both the students and their parents." Richard Braungart sums up the results of many surveys: "The overwhelming majority of leftist students come from liberal-to-radical families." Steven Kelman has even argued that generational political continuity explains some of the differences between the 50's and the 60's. ("One of the most important reasons for the growth of the New Left in the 60's is the fact that the children of young adults of the 30's, a radical era, have now reached student age. The silent generation students of the 50's were children of the 20's, a conservative decade.") And it should be noted that the alienated students who come from conservative backgrounds tend to be non-activist drug-using hippies, not political radicals. The liberated scions of conservative wealth charge their fathers with hypocrisy for consuming large quantities of alcohol, while rejecting drugs; the scions of affluent liberalism charge their seniors with hypocrisy for expressing vehement verbal or literary anti-establishment views, while living like other privileged Americans and not taking any risks to eliminate social evils.

As FOR the other end of the political spectrum, the pattern of a youthful shift to the Right was first detected in the South. Most studies of racial attitudes conducted during the 1950's among Southern whites had indicated that racial prejudice was correlated with age—the younger a group, the more likely it was to have liberal attitudes. This pattern apparently changed during the early 1960's. Two surveys conducted by the National Opinion Research Center (NORC) found "a singular inversion among the two youngest age groups in the South." As Paul Sheatsley of NORC reported:

> Unexpectedly, the very youngest Southern adults (aged twenty-one to twenty-four) have lower Pro-Integration Scale scores than the twenty-five- to forty-four-year-old group. . . . We suggested elsewhere that the current group of young white adults in the South have grown up and received their schooling and formed their attitudes during the stormy years which followed the 1954 Supreme Court decision outlawing segregated schools. It is they who have been most immediately exposed to the crises and dislocations brought to the South by the Negro protest movement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Similarly, the young generation-units we have been discussing—the backlashers, the angry blacks, the renouncers—have each been growing to consciousness in their own bitter period of contention. And these three groups—each of them passionate, institutionalized, and polarized—are developing a common anti-democratic political style which could persist unseasonably. The New Left weekly, the *Guardian*, in reporting on a meeting of the National Youth Alliance, the overtly racist offshoot of "Youth for Wallace," noted the similarities between the extreme Left and Right in this fashion:

> Contemporary commentators often lump the extremes of Right and Left together. Indeed, despite obvious differences there were striking similarities exhibited at the Taft [Hotel] meeting:
>
> Leaders hit hard at the establishment, the liberals, and their elders for botching up the country. "We are more anti-establishment than anyone," [Vice President] McMahon said.
>
> The alliance had harsh words for the nation's involvement in Vietnam. "For fifty years our parents and grandparents have allowed themselves to be tricked into fighting wars for others," read a policy statement. The alliance attacked the "criminal politico-economic system of maintaining full employment and buying votes by intervention in alien wars." It charged that "in the past 20 years alone, 60,000 of America's finest young men have been murdered to forward the ambitions of vote-hungry politicians. We shall fight the involvement of America in further wars overseas with every means at our command."
>
> The alliance warns rightists of the consolidation of corporate concerns. In its publication, *Statecraft*, the editors report on a liberal plot to secure mass censorship; and go on to reveal a Presidential committee recommendation that all competing international communications carriers be merged into one private company under government control.
>
> The NYA resembles the New Left also in seeing its primary constituency as young workers and college students. It "vowed" to forge a "revolutionary" alliance of students and young workers to crush the Left, stem the "liberal" tide and save a dying republic. . . . The alliance seeks to carry the banner of "the forgotten America"—the exploited young American workers. "We are going to wage our fight in the factories and the campus. . . ."

Some in the New Left have even compared segments of their movement with the original youth-oriented Italian Fascist party. Thus an article in the *Campaigner*, a magazine published by the New York and Philadelphia SDS Labor Committees, argued (September 1968):

> It is an irony of history that certain New Leftists today would be quite at home with Mussolini's radical polemics. . . . We must look to historical precedent in order to reveal the dangers inherent in certain New Left rhetoric today. . . . [Mussolini] fought for the idea that the revolution would be decided in the streets. . . . Similarly, fascism celebrated youth as a class. "*Giovenezza*" was the official Italian hymn to youth; similar examples are found in Nazi propaganda. The image of youth was extended to attack the "older" capitalist nations, the "old," effete parliamentary bureaucrats.

FROM THEIR various vantage points, and at their outer edges, the renunciation youth, the backlash youth, and the radical youth are concocting a common political brew: irrational, moralistic, non-negotiable—and therefore, finally, violent. It is a development of the deepest significance, involving not merely a youthful display of temper. These generation-units, it must be recognized, have strong and legitimate differences to negotiate; they will have to resolve their disagreement with each other, not with their elders. This hardly leaves the older generation without responsibility. But before anything else, the older generation must stop titillating itself with facile notions of the generation gap. The fact is that most of the people who write or talk about the generation gap are referring to only one segment of youth—the renouncers. And, of course, it is the adults who come into closest contact with these particular young people who are doing most of the writing and talking. We do not mean to imply that the renunciation tendency is unimportant; it will clearly have a great deal of influence in reshaping the far future of our culture. But the *near* future is hard upon us, and this is what the vast majority of young Americans are concerned about and will be fighting for, particularly once the United States is out of Indochina.

Perhaps a preoccupation with the so-called generation gap, with its romantic image of vast reaches of renunciation youth, is one way to avoid facing the most difficult and immediate single conflict in our society—the tug of war between the two groups of young people who do *not* renounce American society, but who feel increasingly that they are battling each other for its possession. Neither of these groups is capricious or primarily racist. They represent, at the core, legitimate aspirations which are in real conflict and need urgently to be accommodated in a practical political program we have not yet managed to devise.

Reprints of this article are available at fifty cents each. Orders of 25 or more earn a twenty per cent discount.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Grand Illusion

An Appreciation of Jacques Ellul

Robert A. Nisbet

JACQUES ELLUL is a deeply respected lay theologian in the (Protestant) Reformed Church of France, and also professor of law and history at the University of Bordeaux. He was born in Bordeaux in 1912, attended first the University there, then the University of Paris where he took his doctorate in law. During World War II, he was, along with Camus, Malraux, and Sartre, a leader in the French Resistance. No contemplative, he has served as Deputy Mayor of Bordeaux and is today active in a score of religious and civic enterprises in France. Along the way, beginning in 1946, he has published some of the finest books to come out of Europe in the sphere of politics and sociology during the last half century.* His reputation in this country, which in some circles is substantial, is based, as far as I can make out, on a crucial misunderstanding of his essential position. This is a subject to which I shall wish to return.

In order to begin to understand Ellul's work one must recognize from the outset that his is a profoundly religious mind. It was, indeed, in theology that his writings of the last quarter of a century began. His latest volume, *Violence*, is, like his first two, primarily devoted to the relation of religion to the social order. In between are studies preeminently concerned with the nature of the political process, and above all with what Ellul calls, in the title of one of his best books, the political illusion.

Ellul's theology of politics falls in the direct line begun in the early 19th century by the great Felicité Robert de Lamennais, who, prior to his rupture with the Roman Catholic Church, was the most respected Catholic theologian in Europe. It was Lamennais's tragedy to have allowed the position he took in defense of the corporate character of the Church to widen to the point where the Church no longer found it politically acceptable, where it became indeed the object of encyclical denunciation.† But whatever his personal difficulties with the Church, Lamennais succeeded in setting forth, in a series of brilliant works, and particularly in *Paroles d'un croyant* and *Le Livre de Peuple,* ideas that were to bear fruit in works far better known today than any written by Lamennais himself. Among these are not merely the liberal social encyclicals of the Holy See, including those of the late Pope John, but the writings of many modern thinkers, including Tocqueville, Taine, and, in our day, Bertrand de Jouvenel, Emmanuel Mounier, and Ellul himself. I am referring to a body of ideas that has from the beginning seen the essence of modernity to lie, not in technology or industry, but in the special character of the omnicompetent, centralized, rationalized state, whether democratic or totalitarian. (Whether one finds the perspective a useful or correct one is not the point here. The point is simply that the perspective itself is one of the most luminous in modern European, and especially French, history, one of the legacies of the immense impact of the French Revolution on European intellectuals.)

Not all those in whose writings this body of ideas is important are affiliated with the Church or religion. But it remains true that the perspective which sees political centralization, collectivism, and rationalization as forces surmounting the increasingly atomized, functionless, and alienated masses, with the fate of everything in between made precarious, was put forth in the first instance in a predominantly religious context. And to a very large extent this particular perspective has been sustained and nourished by

ROBERT A. NISBET, a frequent contributor, is professor of sociology at the University of California at Riverside. Mr. Nisbet is the author of, among other works, *Tradition and Revolt, Social Change and History, The Sociological Tradition,* and, most recently, *The Social Bond: An Introduction to the Study of Society* (Knopf).

*It is worthwhile listing them immediately (the bracketed date refers to the original publication in France): *The Theological Foundation of Law* (1946), *The Presence of the Kingdom* (1948), *The Technological Society* (1954), *Propaganda* (1962), *The Political Illusion* (1965), *A Critique of the New Commonplaces* (1966), and *Violence* (1969). The first two and the last are published in this country by the Seabury Press; the others by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. I do not offer this as a necessarily complete list of Ellul's books.

† I have written about this extraordinary figure, the true founder of social or liberal Catholicism, in an essay first published in 1948 and reprinted in my *Tradition and Revolt*. Several books on Lamennais have recently appeared; I predict more.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those—Ellul among them—whose concern with religion and the place of the Church in society is uppermost. Ellul's own interest in the political order began with his effort to deal with divine, and then, Church law in contemporary society. What is largely intimation in his first book (*The Theological Foundation of Law*, 1946) becomes the subject of straightforward assertion in his second book, *The Presence of the Kingdom*, published in 1948. Here Ellul deals directly with the circumstances of ecclesiastical degradation in modern society: that is, the lowered, noncorporate position of the Church in the social order. And he finds these circumstances in what he calls the triumph of means, of techniques, and of action-for-the-sake-of-action in political society. ". . . It is not difficult to see that the world is wholly given up to means. That which a hundred years ago was an 'end' has now become a 'means' in its turn, and even the 'means of the means.' "

Ellul uses politics—and particularly leftist, militant politics—as a prime example of the triumph of means and mere action over ends. For any end ever to be actually achieved would, as he notes, spell the doom of the militant action seeking that end. He quotes Lenin to the effect that a dedicated Communist must never promise the coming of the higher stage of Communism, which must remain, Sorelian fashion, as the myth that keeps the masses in constant political dedication. "Thus," Ellul writes, "we have an admirable political machine which carries on in the form of means (for the dictatorship of the proletariat is also a means), in order to achieve illusory and hypothetical ends." In the present world, Ellul concludes the argument of *The Presence of the Kingdom*, everything has to be a means, a function that quickly becomes defined as technique, "and everything that is 'useless' has to give way to the necessity for 'utility.' "

La Technique, the third of Jacques Ellul's books, which was published in France in 1954, follows directly from these reflections. Convinced that the prime reality of the secular world is the triumph of means or technique, he devoted himself to a full volume on the subject. This book, whose title has been mistranslated into English as *The Technological Society*, was the first of Ellul's works to be brought out in this country. Ellul begins with a few pages about the machine and the origin of technique as such in the workings of machines from earliest times. The vastly greater part of *La Technique*, however, is given over to a treatment of technique, means, and action in contexts that have nothing to do with machines or with technology. It is interesting to observe that in the course of the book Ellul's concern with the political process, with state, law, and politicization, becomes more and more comprehensive. That is, he locates the *origin* of the perceived supremacy of technique in the machine but then, as his book proceeds, he all but abandons the machine, and finds the locus of technique in all areas of society. He writes:

> In view of what has been said, it may be affirmed with confidence that, in the decades to come, technique will become stronger and its pace will be accelerated through the agency of the state. The state and technique—increasingly interrelated—are becoming the most important forces in the modern world; they buttress and reinforce each other in their aim to produce an apparently indestructible, total civilization.

It is, in other words, *political* technique with which Ellul is most concerned. And indeed the four books which have followed *La Technique* have been overwhelmingly political, in title as well as in content: *Propaganda*; *The Political Illusion*; *A Critique of the New Commonplaces* (almost without exception *political* commonplaces); and *Violence*. But all four of these books, it seems to me, have less to do with the content of *La Technique* (admittedly a splendid book, possibly even Ellul's best) than they do with themes going directly back to *The Presence of the Kingdom*, and in particular to the theme of political action:

> Our world is entirely directed toward action. Everything is interpreted in terms of action, nothing is more beautiful than action, and people are always looking for slogans, programs, ways of action; indeed our world is so obsessed by activity that it is in danger of losing its life. We know that the great slogan of all dictatorships is this—action for the sake of action. . . .
>
> At the same time our world tends to eliminate, almost wholly, the life of the individual. By the formation of masses, by the artificial creation of myths, by standardizing our living, and so on, there is a general movement toward uniformity, which leads man more and more to forget himself as he is caught up in the general tendency of our mechanical civilization. A man who spends all his time in action by that very fact ceases to live.

Not technology, then, in Ellul's view, not even industrialism or capitalism, but *political action* is the ambience within which man is most likely to have his individuality eroded or possibly even destroyed.

BOTH AS TITLE and as organizing concept, *The Political Illusion* is the phrase that best epitomizes the direction of Ellul's exploration of the secular order. For Ellul there is a kind of violence involved in the seizure of the religious mind by politics in the contemporary world. In his most recent book, *Violence*, where he addresses himself solely to Christians, and particularly to the younger and militant clergy who believe that there is such a thing as Christian violence, Ellul is chiefly concerned

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with emancipating the Christian mind from what he sees as the invading tyranny of politics: of converting all questions of good and evil into political questions. In *The Political Illusion*, however, as in *Propaganda*, and in *A Critique of the New Commonplaces*, Ellul addresses himself to all in our age, not merely to Christians. It is important for all to become emancipated from the political illusion, the illusion that moral, social, aesthetic, and other values must be conceived and dealt with in the language of politics, chiefly the language of Plato and of Rousseau. "In the 17th century we could have written of the comic illusion. In our day the illusion has become tragic. It is political."

The two foremost realities of the contemporary age, Ellul writes, are, first, the triumph of the political state as sovereign structure in all areas of our life and, second, the degree of politicization that has occurred, in the name of democracy and freedom, whereby the political relationship among men has become the dominant relationship, and political values have become the supreme values. We talk endlessly of politics, Ellul suggests, in an unconscious effort to hide the void in our actual situation. "The word is compensation for an absence, evocation of a fleeting presence, a magic incantation, an illusory presence of what man thinks he can capture with the help of his language."

Ellul's objective in *The Political Illusion* is not so much to describe the sheer power of the nation state in human life in the modern West as to show the degree to which politics has infused man's morality, culture, imagination.

> To think of everything as political, to conceal everything by using this word (with intellectuals taking the cue from Plato and several others), to place everything in the hands of the state, to appeal to the state in all circumstances, to subordinate the problems of the individual to those of the group, to believe that political affairs are on everybody's level and that everybody is qualified to deal with them—these factors characterize the politicization of modern man and, as such, comprise a myth. The myth then reveals itself in beliefs and, as a result, easily elicits almost religious fervor.

Now, the point of this passage, and of the book containing it, is in no sense to call to arms all good libertarians and anarchists. Nor is there anything in Ellul to suggest belief that in our world human beings could long fend for themselves without a fairly substantial degree of political organization. This is elementary enough, and it would be a disservice to imply that Ellul is unaware of it. It is not reform, much less any kind of anarchist revolution, that Ellul seeks. It is, if I interpret him correctly, a withholding of some vital part of one's self from the presently consuming logic and rhetoric of politics. It is the achievement of a state of mind among the religious, the intellectual, the philosophical—eventually among all or most persons—that does not feel compelled to start or end every question with the rhetoric of Plato or Rousseau.

MODERN WRITING is filled with political disillusionment: disillusionment with the consequences of this or that piece of bureaucracy created to meet a problem; disillusionment with the consequences of this or that overall political system—socialism, communism, fascism, managerialism in its many forms; disillusionment, in short, with the multifold consequences of politics. But hope defined politically springs eternal in modern man's breast. Politics, as we have seen, is for Ellul the very essence of modernity. And almost always disillusionment with the consequences of politics, of the political habit of mind, is the source of some new form of political illusion. That new illusion may be something called essential democracy, concerned democracy, juridical democracy, or a similar variant on the common theme. But almost always the answer that is put forward to the repugnant consequences of politicization—intolerable bureaucracy; administrative centralization; loss of participation in decision-making; interest-domination of departments, bureaus, and agencies, known today as "liberalism" or "pluralism" —is some rhetorically fresh variation or intensification of politicization.

This is the real subject of Ellul's book, as I understand it: not the state or politics as such but, rather, the whole political frame of mind that has become, since the end of the 18th century, the dominant state of mind of the Western social and moral philosophers, of intellectuals, indeed of the overwhelming majority of us. At one time religion, specifically institutional Christianity, held much the same dominant position in human life. Matters that were, at least by our view, basically economic or political were cast in the mind and language of religion. Needs that we today might define as psychological, perhaps sexual, certainly social, were then held to be religious needs, their solutions religious solutions. Gradually, with the passing of time, and as a degree of religiosity was reached in human behavior beyond which nothing more was likely, a reaction began to set in. A demythicization, a disillusionment, took place in ever widening spheres of society. In our history texts we call this process secularization. And we do well to call it this, for although today the word has overtones only of the non-sacred, once it referred first and foremost to the political state. Secularization as a process was not more than the taking over by the political state of responsibilities that previously belonged to the Church.

I do not see how one can do other than regard the political state—to a far greater degree

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than either industry or technology—as the primary source and also the reinforcing context of the set of values we refer to as "secular" and as "modern." This, as I have indicated, is the clear conviction of Ellul, as is the thesis that the problem of privacy in our world is to be traced not to technology, or to any other feature of the physical world around us, but to the political state itself, and above all to the political illusion that penetrates most decisively the innermost parts of our minds. Here Ellul is at one with Tocqueville, Taine, and Jouvenel. It is politicization that robs man of his ordinary identity.

One may, I think, trace the history of the politicization of the Western mind through three major stages, each given polemical structure by a transcending mystique of opposition among intellectuals. The first was the mystique of opposition to feudalism, whereby all that was in any significant degree local, partial, functional, or personal in the way of authority was declared iniquitous. Thus began the relentless work of forming the modern political mind. The *philosophes* in the 18th century, with Rousseau their spiritual eminence, must be regarded as the culminating architects of this stage. The second stage comes in the 19th and early 20th centuries. In this stage the mystique of opposition to capitalism succeeds that of feudalism. All that is in any way connected with private property and profit, or with the independent entrepreneur, is deemed iniquitous. And the work of maximizing the political mind, and with it political power, under whatever name, is taken over by the Marxists, with Lenin eventually becoming their spiritual eminence, and with the German Social Democrats, those just before and during Weimar, however they may have chosen to romanticize their faith, the Unitarians, so to speak, of the second stage. Now, in our day, we see the third great stage of the politicization process before us. Technology is the mystique. The machine is the evil that has succeeded private property and feudalism. All earlier iniquities are somehow fused with it in more or less cumulative fashion. If this stage does not yet have its Rousseau, or its Lenin, give it time. All indications are that it shortly will have; Jacques Ellul, however, is not in the running.

At the beginning of this essay I referred to a widespread misunderstanding of Ellul's basic position among those in this country who claim him as one of their own. The misunderstanding is based on a wanton identification of his mind and writing with the technophobia that has occupied so many intellectual quarters in this country during recent years. As the above exposition of his thought should have made clear, Ellul is anything but a technophobe. Nor is he, for that matter, in any substantial sense a technologue: one who sees technology, whether for good or ill, as a master influence in the shaping of the modern West. Despite the wide reputation Ellul has somehow acquired in this respect, he is not really interested in technology—not even in the broadest sense of that often inflated word.

But how, despite the testimony of his preponderantly political writings, has he come to be placed with those who see technology as the dominant process in Western history? It is a useful question to ask and to explore briefly, not only for Ellul himself but for the wider problem of what might be called the sociology of reputations, of the types and genres into which writers and thinkers fall in the public mind.

The answer is not far to seek in Ellul's case. As I noted, the first of his books to be brought out in this country, though not the first that he wrote and published in France, bears the arresting title, *The Technological Society*. Although written in the period following World War II and published in France in 1954, under the title *La Technique ou l'enjeu de siècle*, it was virtually unknown in this country, as was Ellul's name, until about 1964, the year of its publication here by Alfred A. Knopf Inc. under the title that it continues to bear.

The subtitle seems to refer to the "stake" or "bet" that modern man in the West has put up in support of the vast assemblage of laws, rules, regulations, and techniques by which he has surrounded himself and through which, according to Ellul, he seeks to stave off a final accounting in history. But what of the main title, *La Technique*? Certainly one *can* render this as "technology," but certainly one *needn't*. Granted that Ellul has a good deal to say in his book about the machine and the techniques associated with the machine, his subject is not technology as this word is generally, and deservedly, understood. His subject, quite simply, is *technique*. And the referent of the word is overwhelmingly to spheres of life that have little if anything directly to do with the machine. Ellul himself writes: "The term *technique*, as I use it, does not mean machines, technology, or this or that procedure for attaining an end." The word refers, Ellul tells us, to "*the totality of methods rationally arrived at and having absolute efficiency* (for a given stage of development) in *every* field of human activity. Its characteristics are new; the technique of the present has no common measure with that of the past." (Italics in original.)

The common identification of Ellul with technophobes is made all the more preposterous by the fact that his works show him to be the sworn enemy of that form of political romanticism, drawn largely from the old-fashioned German Social Democratic mind, that so generally goes with technophobia and that has made really sophisticated political thought in this country a

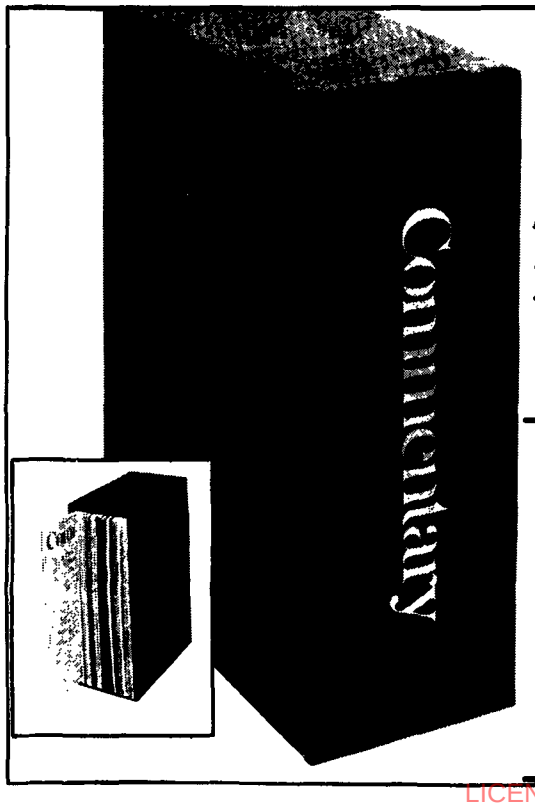
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

near impossibility.* As I noted above, technology in this country has succeeded capitalism and feudalism as the sport of intellectuals and become the prime object of attack by the political Left. Clean, unspoiled Nature (though with full industrial employment, and even heavier taxes for welfare and education) has, in a sense, succeeded the old socialist dream of a classless socitey and the Rousseauian vision of the General Will. It is a pity that Ellul, who is innocent of any taint of this kind of mind, should have become identified with its politics.

The esteem which Ellul enjoys today in circles of the New Left becomes still more inexplicable when one considers, finally, that his overall philosophy is so totally alien to what emerges in print—poster, leaflet, tract—from this sector of American society. Everything that culminates in Woodstock festivals, in street demonstrations, in violence, and in the incessant din created by the political search for identity, is as far from Ellul's thought as anything I can possibly imagine. Again we are forced to go back, I suppose, to the harm done by the title given to the translation of *La Technique* in this country. Eyes fasten on the wonderful words, "The Technological Society," the mind grasps quickly that Ellul is far from happy about the state of things in the West. Ergo: he must hate technology and, with it, the middle class and all it stands for, and be "one of us," consecrated to the politics of love, of obscenity, of sincerity, of identity, of politics itself (for it is *the politics of politics*, not politics itself, in the sense of measured, finite political means to non-political ends, that chiefly characterizes the more visible and clamant behavior of the youthful Left today).

So far is this inference from the truth about Ellul's mind and published work that one can only marvel anew at the way reputations are made, and unmade, in a climate of extreme politicization such as the one with which we are now afflicted in this country. For the sake of Ellul's reputation, then, one is tempted to hope that those who acclaim him will never bother to read his work. For once found out to be what he is, one who does *not* find technology or industry the root of evil, with salvation lying in Platonic politics, he will have no further interest, I predict, for the overwhelming majority of intellectuals in our time. In the Kingdom of the Blind, as Wells made clear enough, the one-eyed man is never king. And in the kingdom of politics, which is where all intellectuals live today, the one-eyed man will simply be ignored.

* What I mean here may best be illustrated by the almost reverential treatment accorded Theodore J. Lowi's *The End of Liberalism*, published a year ago. Following 296 pages of all too familiar indictment of the consequences of "new feudalism," capitalism, urbanism, technology—and also, be it noted well, of governmental efforts to deal with these —we are given exactly seventeen pages of brief in behalf of something called Juridical Democracy (Professor Lowi's capitals). Juridical Democracy succeeds the General Will and Lenin's revolutionary democracy as the liberative hope of the masses presently oppressed not by feudalism or by capitalism but by what Professor Lowi calls "Interest-Group Liberalism." One can only look, half in wonder, half in despair, at the concept of Juridical Democracy, at least as elaborated in seventeen out of 314 pages. As presented, it bears about as much relation to any known actualities of modern political government as Kant's *ding an sich* does to a pregnant skunk. Such, however, is the utter bankruptcy of political theory in this country that the book has been reviewed in terms that might have been reserved for the real successor of Rousseau and Lenin.



SPECIAL OFFER

A convenient way to keep all your issues of Commentary together and easily available for quick reference.

Perfect Size (9x12) for Your Bookcase

Slipcase is of blue Boltaflex—"Commentary" stamped in gold leaf on its cover. Holds 12 issues.

Special Price: $4.50

2 for $7.95 5 for $17.95

COMMENTARY
165 E. 56th Street, New York, N. Y. 10022

Gentlemen:

Please send me the Commentary Slipcase.

☐ One for $4.50 ☐ Two for $7.95 ☐ Five for $17.95

☐ I enclose check or money order in amount of $_____
(Commentary pays postage and handling.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is History Dead?

Milton Himmelfarb

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
multi, sed omnes illacrimabiles
urgentur ignotique longa
*nocte, carent quia vate sacro.**
—HORACE

ONE MORE obituary has been published. A few years ago there was much ado about the death of God, and now the historian J. H. Plumb reports the *Death of the Past.*† In these matters death is not apt to be by natural causes. Nietzsche, here as elsewhere, set the style. "God is dead," he said. ". . . we have killed him." For Plumb the past has been killed, and on the whole has deserved to be.

Three things have killed the past. The first is history itself. "The past" is not simply what happened when you and I were young, or our great-grandfathers, or ancestors more remote still. History cannot kill that. Professor Plumb means that history has killed our old ways of understanding what happened—the past in the sense of our perception of the past. That perception has been mythical. In Stith Thompson's definition, myth is a tale "of sacred beings and of semi-divine heroes, and of the origin of all things." The old narratives of the old days—for example, the lives of Founding Fathers—are myths; Parson Weems's tale of George Washington, the hatchet, and the cherry tree is myth. History, a critical enterprise, destroys myth—it dispels sacred beings and divinity—by telling the real truth and revealing the dirty secrets, little or big. Or, as Marx put it, preserving the form but inverting the content of the Bible's "the beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord" and "fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge," the criticism of religion is the beginning of all criticism. But the past without myth is also the past without meaning and without the right to tell us to learn its lesson.

A second cause of the death of the past is the death of aristocracy and Manifest Destiny. The past was aristocratic, arranged and told so as to enhance aristocracy. The populace had no past, only the aristocracy had one. When we say of someone that he comes of an old family, we are not making a statement about biology: everyone has as distant forebears as anyone else. What we mean is that that person is of a family long known, taken note of, recorded; and therefore a family still to be respected and honored. Hence revolutions are against the past understood as aristocratic, or against the past simply. In the Peasants' Revolt of 1381 John Ball asked, "When Adam delved, and Eve span,/Who was then a gentleman?" (The Rabbis say we are all descended from Adam so that none should think his ancestry better than his neighbor's.) The *Internationale* urges us to "wipe clean the slate of the past. . . . We are"—i.e., we have been—"nothing, let us be everything." As for Manifest Destiny—or White Man's Burden, or *mission civilisatrice*, or *tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento*—people used to believe that this was both justified and commanded by their nation's past. That belief is dead.

Henry Ford, who said that history is the bunk, was a man of the future, a man of technology: Plumb's third killer of the past is the technological or scientific future. We and none before us have seen human beings set foot on the moon. Who knows what we shall be seeing in the years to come? Who knows what our children, and theirs, will see? With the future upon us, what interest can we have in the past? It is by the future that we now orient ourselves. Erik Erikson has written of "a new world image in which the vision of an anticipated future will take over much of the power of tradition." Futurist education prepares us for a repeated obsolescence of our skills and attitudes and for infinite detachment from persons and places.

It is a strange contrast—between the low morale and self-doubt of the historical profession, if we can go by Professor Plumb, and its prosperity. History is not one of those parvenu disciplines, yet never have history and the historians flourished more. When we say that science is flourishing, one of the things we mean is that more people are doing science now than ever before. There are those famous estimates according to which 90 or 95 per cent, or some other strikingly high proportion, of all the scientists who have ever lived and worked are living and working now. By that standard, history too must be pronounced in excellent health. Most historians who have ever lived and worked, and surely most historians who have ever paid their bills by working as historians, are living and working now.

* Brave men lived before Agamemnon, many; but all, unwept and unknown, lie pressed by eternal darkness because they lack a consecrated bard.

† Houghton Mifflin, 153 pp., $5.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet Professor Plumb has logic on his side, and we should expect people to show far less interest in the past than they used to. Only, people are being contrary. Oriented to the future though they may be, they have not reduced their consumption of historical scholarship and its by-products.

What is more, as new pasts and their interested publics multiply, the demand rises for historians to shape those pasts. In the 19th century a distinction was made between historical peoples (high) and unhistorical ones (low). The French, the English, the Italians, and the Germans were historical peoples, with pasts. Such peoples as the Byelorussians were unhistorical, without pasts. The desire for equality led the intellectuals of the unhistorical peoples to discover pasts for them. Now a black scholar says:

> Black people, like all people, need to know they are not alone. They need to know that their ancestors were not just slaves laboring under the white man's sun, but that their lineage can be traced to important kingdoms and significant civilizations. They need to know of black heroes and of the noble deeds of black men. They need to know that black, too, is beautiful, and that under the African sky people are at proud ease with their blackness.

He is asking for myth ("heroes . . . noble deeds") and its comforts ("black . . . is beautiful" and "proud ease with . . . blackness"). But he is also claiming the equality of plebs with aristocracy. As between John Ball's attitude toward the past and the *Internationale*'s, he accepts Ball's. He wants the white West to make room in the past for black Africans, who by winning an equal past will also win an equal present and future.

Plumb does not laugh at this. He only says that when the new contenders for historical status have worked their way through to modernity, as their predecessors have done, they will end where we are—distanced from the past, oriented to the future. It is the modern fate, like pollution.

There may be other explanations for the disillusion that asserts the death of the past. If it is upstart peoples who demand a past for themselves, perhaps it is downstarts who are disillusioned with the past. Plumb is an Englishman, citizen of a country of the second rank that yesterday was a Great Power. He specializes in the history of 18th-century Great Britain, whose greatness was accompanied by belief in a great future. Perhaps it is the death of that future that has inclined Plumb to descry the death of the past.

Downstart aristocrats, it is said, tend to be ancestor worshipers. Perhaps. Perhaps they, or some of them, also tend to be skeptics—about ancestors as well as descendants. When Paléologue says that history is an agreed-upon fable, in substance he agrees with Henry Ford, but his tone is different. He is speaking as an aristocrat in the decline of aristocracy. Of course, he is also speaking as a man of affairs, a diplomat, with direct knowledge of the gulf between what happens and what is believed to happen. Walpole—Plumb's man—and Wellington had said much the same thing before him, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., was to say that having served in government he could no longer as a historian be able to give his old confidence to some normal sources.

Plumb may also have an ideological readiness to write an epitaph for the past. He is a champion of the Enlightenment. Impatience with the past is a commonplace of the Enlightenment, and of Romanticism when it favors rather than opposes the Enlightenment: Voltaire, Gibbon, and Jefferson; Wordsworth ("Old, unhappy, far-off things,/And battles long ago"), Shelley, and Emerson. Before Plumb, the Enlightenment had already applied to the past the metaphor of death: the dead past, the dead hand of the past. Nor was the idea that history has an aristocratic bias unknown to it: Gray's "short and simple annals of the poor," and Malthus's observation that "the histories of mankind that we possess are histories only of the higher classes."

The classical Enlightenment was impatient with the past because the past was unenlightened. In 1770 the past *was* unenlightened. But in 1970? Now Enlightenment itself has a past, the past includes Enlightenment. Perhaps that accounts for the current Left's eagerness to still the past. The Left would rather not know its past, or have others know it. Plumb is a man of the Left—like Voltaire, whom he admires.

Voltaire was if not entirely new, then largely new. Two hundred years later his disciples, or those who may be said to descend from him, are less new. They have accumulated a past, a tradition. For the Enlightenment, mostly, the past was crime, folly, and failure. The past was of the Right, and therefore stupid: John Stuart Mill said the conservatives (who were also the traditionalists, those fond of the past) were the stupid party. Now when men of the Left disparage the past for its Rightness, they are not telling the whole truth, even to themselves. The Left's own past is not altogether edifying. It too has its share of crime, folly, and failure. Men of the Left, moderate or extreme, progressive or revolutionary, would just as soon forget the god that failed. "The god that failed" links up with "the death of the past" by way of "the death of God": *The God That Failed* was published about twenty years ago, before the revival of the 18th- and 19th-century slogan of the death of God.

NEO-ENLIGHTENED bias against the past may even account for some of the current zeal of the historians in warning us against analogy, especially the analogies now being drawn between our situation and Weimar, or Munich. Of course, on the one hand, *com-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paraison n'est pas raison, analogy is not proof. The past is too complicated to yield an easy or straightforward "lesson of history." But on the other hand, the current zeal against analogy may be more than merely technical or methodological. "Weimar" recalls how the Left's political fecklessness and cultural provocation helped Hitler. "Munich" tells against appeasement and for the domino theory. If those analogies were today seen not as anti-Left but as anti-Right, fewer sermons might be preached against analogy.

Not long ago a well-received novel concluded with the slogan, "Long live the revolution!" Its hero was a thinly disguised Mendel Beilis, tried (but not condemned) for ritual murder by a Russian court a few years before the revolution. If we could turn time backward in its flight, would we be sure we still wanted the revolution? The revolution, too, belongs to the past of crime, folly, and failure. But some of us, and some part of all of us, want to continue shouting, "Long live the revolution!" To do that, we have to tell ourselves that our newness is so radically new that the past—including 1917 and after—is irrelevant.

Parodying an American Communist slogan of the late 1930's, we may say that socialism is 20th-century Enlightenment. Yet today a Voltaire would fare better, would be freer of persecution, in a bourgeois country than in "socialist" Russia or Poland or Czechoslovakia. What has gone wrong? It is too painful to bear thinking about, so we say, in effect, let us forget about the past, let us keep our eyes on the future. We make ourselves as philistine as Matthew Arnold's philistines, who denied that those old, primitive Greeks or Romans could have anything of interest or relevance to tell advanced, modern people, whose railroads were by themselves proof of superiority to the past, and of the past's irrelevance.

How the younger Left tends to feel about all this has been shown in responses to the sociologist Robert Nisbet. To Nisbet's article in the New York *Times Book Review* about the contempt for objectivity in the work of some younger social scientists, one scorner of old-fashioned objectivity answered: "The situation is really very simple. Our students today reject any detached ritual about objective learning, because yesterday's 'objective facts' have proven to be today's lies." Another—more promising because not so really very simple—wrote: "Social science, as a frame of mind and as an enterprise, frustrates . . . the need for self-definition through the experience of meaningful commitments. . . . We have been deprived—partly through social science itself—of believable myths. . . ."

Hume, a pillar of the Enlightenment, said that reason is and ought only to be the slave of the passions. (In their habitation on high, what must Plato and Aristotle have thought?) The more intelligent we are, in other words, the more ingeniously foolish we can be—with a good conscience.

But the desire to know is strong. Not to want to know comes late, if at all. What distinguishes humankind is not the use of tools: tools were used by beings the anthropologists do not class as human, or fully human. What distinguishes us is language—and a sense of the past.

A child is always asking about the time when he was a baby, and about the time before he was born. That may be a way of asking what it was that Mommy and Daddy did to bring him into the world. An adult's interest in the past continues the child's curiosity about how he came into the world. Disciplined and intellectual, historians yet express the primal curiosity. Even science and the interest in science are not exclusively futurist. In this scientific age the history of science is more highly developed, more recognized, less eccentric than ever.

As history can serve the desire to extend our life back before our birth, so can it serve the desire to extend our life beyond our death. If middle-aged people feel uneasy about their children studying the New Deal or World War II in school or college, that is not because parents think the New Deal and World War II unworthy of being studied. It is that they think of history as obituary. No one wants to go down to death unnoticed, but no one wants to read his own death notice.

In those lines quoted at the beginning, Horace says it is the historian ("consecrated bard") who by noting men saves them from the mortality of oblivion. If we cannot hope for immortality on our own, we can hope for an approximation to it by our having been contemporary with the large events and movements that the history books are about: the middle-aged were, after all, eyewitnesses and participants in the New Deal and World War II; we may not have known Roosevelt and Churchill, but we can still remember what they said and how they sounded on the radio. The desire for immortality is enough by itself to assure that people will always want the past recorded—history. History satisfies people's needs, more perhaps than it can still the doubts of the historians themselves, who know better than anyone else the serious difficulties about method and about epistemology that are inherent in its very nature. (Leon J. Goldstein, a friend and former colleague, has just had published in *History and Theory* an article about R. G. Collingwood that deals with such questions as these, which almost beg to be translated back into the language of Kant and Hegel, or indeed of Plato's Socrates: How is historical knowledge possible? What is history that it is possible?)

MORE PROSAICALLY, people want to know about the past because they want to know how they came to be who they are, and how things came to be as they are. The acid way of stating this function is that history—the study of the past—tells us how we got into the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mess we are in. We look to the past to explain the present. But this means that we select from the past, or emphasize in it, what helps to explain the present; and reject, or do not emphasize, what seems less directly related to the present. Naturally, more history is produced and consumed of Christianity than of Mithraism. Christianity has been more important. If the Roman Empire had become Mithraic, attention would have gone to Mithraism. Similarly, there is more research into the history of the English than of the French or the Aragonese parliament.

Of the two chief causes for having to do history over and over again, the first is autonomous, from within the discipline itself. Thus, historians—or archeologists, or linguists—make new discoveries: Ventris deciphers Linear B, and unexpectedly it is Greek; Benveniste shows Homeric *kudos* to mean not "glory" or "fame" but something like "magical power." The second cause is external, untechnical. Changes in society bring things to the fore which change our picture of the past because they change the perspective from which we look at the past. They change the very questions we ask of the past—in the United States today, for example, questions about racism.

It is therefore remarkable that when young people study history, from elementary school to college, they are taught so little about the Jews. On the face of it, they ought to be taught a good deal: the Jewish present is highly visible, and the Jewish past has a substantial body of literature, ancient and modern, to give an account of it.

THE ABSENCE of a serious treatment of the black past would be a continuing insult to blacks. The absence of a treatment of the Jewish past is the same sort of thing—though perhaps less damaging. But if that were the only reason for greater attention to Jewish history, some Jews would be of two minds. If it were only or primarily a matter of the Jewish education and self-respect required by Jewish children, some Jews would regard it as they regard Hebrew. As a matter of principle, Jews support the inclusion of Hebrew among the foreign languages to be taught in the schools. Yet most, apparently, would rather have their children learn Hebrew in Jewish schools, with public-school time that would otherwise be taken by the study of Hebrew used for the study of Latin or French. They want Hebrew to be studied in addition to Latin and French, rather than instead of them.

But Jewish history concerns not Jews alone. In contemporary America there is a Jewish presence, yet Jewish names are not the sort of names that are appended to the Declaration of Independence. What in the past of the Jews can help us to understand who they are and what they do?

Or anti-Semitism, which has been something to reckon with in modern history. It is directed against the Jews. The Jews? If the normal textbook bothers to mention the Jews at all, it drops them at the rise of Christianity. What in the world were those Jews doing, where were they, for the 1900 years or so between Jesus and Dreyfus? A substantial history of World War II has just received good notices, and it hardly mentions the Jews at all. Surely that is wrong, because an authority on Nazism still says that "without Hitler, there were no Nazi ideas, and he had no real economic or political program apart from anti-Semitism, the creation of national unity, and expansion to the East." Now, a generation later, Germany is divided, Austria has been de-*anschluss*-ed, and the borders of *Deutschtum* are farther west than at any time since the Middle Ages; but the six million were murdered, and Central and Eastern Europe are all but *judenrein*, "clean of Jews."

Or how can we speak of the Middle East, how can we speak of the new states that have come into being since World War II, without speaking of Israel? And how can we speak of Israel without speaking of the Jews and their history?

Or, on the very nature of Western civilization itself, whatever one may think of the Hebraism/Hellenism discussion, the discussion has not been about nothing. Hebraism is an essential ingredient in Western civilization.

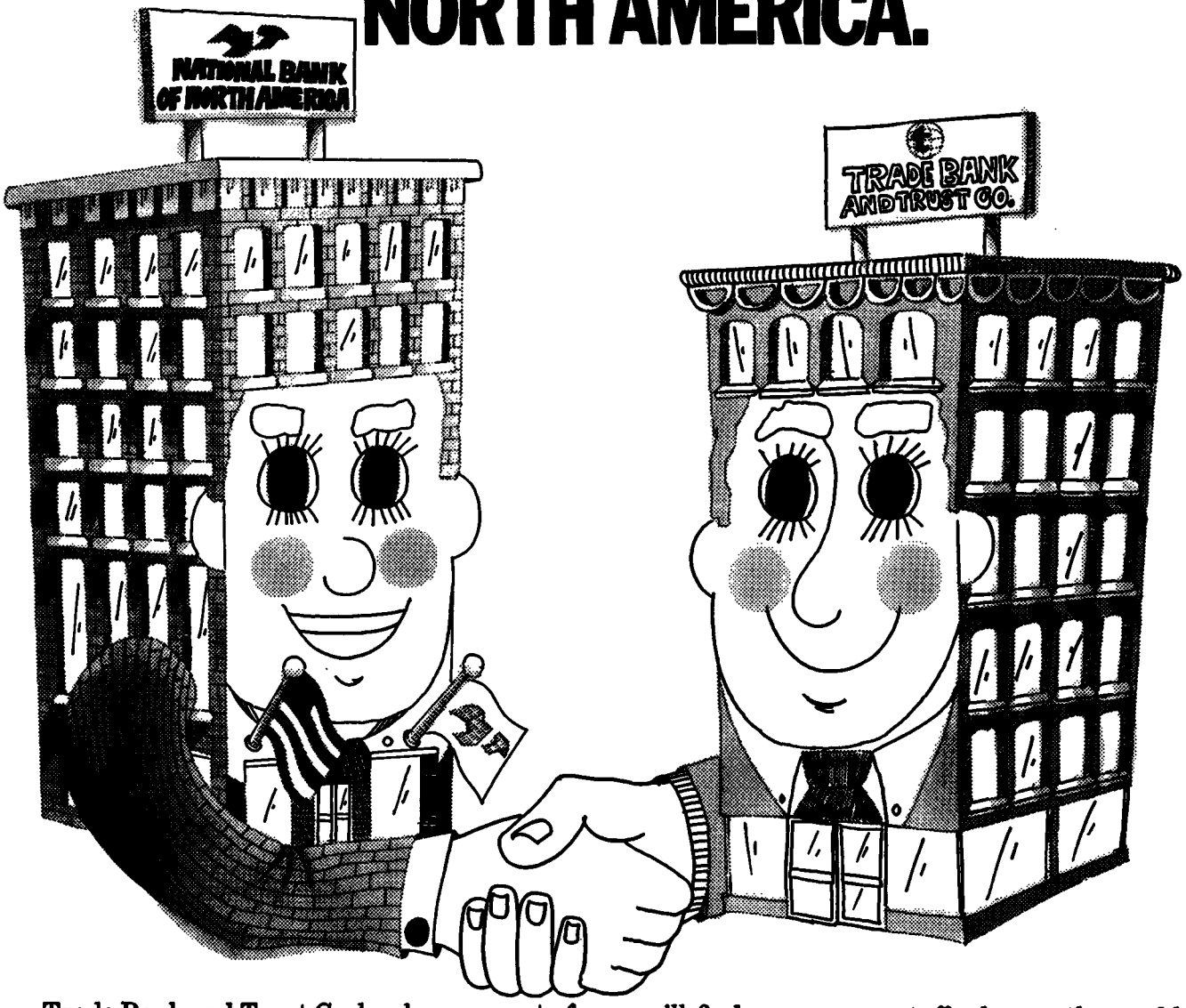
Why then should the history our children are taught be practically *judenrein*, too? There is one syllabus, prepared by the education department of a large state, in which Jesus appears suddenly on the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean, with scarcely any previous mention of Jews or Judaism. I do not know which annoys me more—this, or the kind of thing that liberal Protestants were writing about forty-five years ago, and that is to be found in textbooks still used, astonishingly, today. I mean the cool superiority to Jews and Judaism, as in a book assigned last year to my daughter in high school, with its language about the barbaric, Oriental splendor of Solomon's court. (This is astonishing not because it is no longer done to look down on Solomon but because it is no longer done to say "Oriental," which is thought offensive to Orientals.)

One can understand why a generation or two ago most historians of modern Europe or of the United States did not think about the Jews. One can even understand why most medievalists did not think about them. Somehow, the Jews were then less visible, or if they were still visible it was expected that as they became more civilized, they would cease to be Jews. It was not a favorable time for asking what had made the Jews what they were. But that was a generation or two ago.

Christian theologians speak of the mystery of Israel. In a different sense of that word, it remains a mystery why Israel (the Jews, Judaism) are so absent in the history now written and taught. That is a reproach equally to the historians and to the pedagogues.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE BANK HAS JUST DISCOVERED NORTH AMERICA.



Trade Bank and Trust Co. has become part of North America... a consolidation that boosts our resources at National Bank of North America to 2 billion dollars. This makes us the 24th largest bank out of the more than 14,000 commercial banks in the U.S.A.

Now, we'll have the capacity to provide individuals and businesses with a broader, more diversified range of financial services, both here and abroad.

But money isn't everything. We've also combined our administrative resources. You may now draw upon the skills and talents of *two* sets of banking executives. So whatever your business, you'll find men on our staff who are thoroughly knowledgeable in your field.

And, we will now have more than 100 banking offices throughout Long Island and New York City. Our New York City offices alone will number 35. All of our offices are well-located, making it extra convenient for our customers to bank with us.

Although we've expanded and strengthened our facilities by combining with Trade Bank, we haven't lost the personal touch our customers have come to expect from us. Why not drop in at any North America office, and see how informal and cordial a big bank can really be.

National Bank of North America

the bank that goes out of its way for you.

Over 100 offices in Manhattan, Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, Nassau, Suffolk. Member F.D.I.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Working Theater

Jack Richardson

THERE WAS A picture of Noël Coward emerging from Buckingham Palace immediately after receiving his knighthood. He wore the proper morning-suit and, with gloved hands, leaned with the right amount of restrained aplomb upon a walking stick. The face, though it seemed to express a life sustained almost entirely on champagne and cigarettes, gave forth a grave smile, the pleased yet reflective grimace of a man whose life had just been dubbed worthwhile. In all, the official portrait of achievement—except for one thing. Except for the hat—the top hat that perched at a very unsolemn angle and crowned the photograph with an old-fashioned, bohemian wink at the seriousness of it all. When I saw the picture, another scene came instantly to mind, one described more than a half-century ago by Max Beerbohm. It was a similar occasion: a man of the theater was about to be knighted. Max caught a glimpse of him on his way to the ceremony and noticed how, smothered in correct attire, the man's gypsy element still peeked through, especially in the hat tilted audaciously on one side of his head. Max was describing Henry Irving, an actor and manager adored in his time but for whom Max the critic had never been able to work up more than an amused indulgence. Still, as he watched the actor inceding along in his cabriolet, Max paid him tribute, not so much for his artistry as for his powers of survival, powers which allowed him to ride off to a palace and its honors without giving up the swagger and vagabond essence of his profession.

It was pleasant, while he was here in New York, to see that Noël Coward, too, had maintained his theatrical essence, that he was still an unabashed celebrant of the acerbic sentimental style that had maintained him through drawing rooms and night clubs for over fifty years. He would sit on our ubiquitous late-evening talk shows wearing a wary, amused expression as though he couldn't believe that his adulating interviewers might possibly ask him anything intelligible, and, after a good theatrical beat or two to digest each query, would respond with a wicked epigram or a nostalgic anecdote in the manner expected of him. Often the epigrams seemed as if they had been dragged around the block and had arrived in a somewhat exhausted state, and occasionally the stories of backstage pluck and fortitude should have been cut by an immaculate memory that wishes to see its life laid out in three tight, well-made, treacleless acts. Sir Noël never flinched at these odd moments of absence of mind, but one who knows his professional attitude toward public contretemps could certainly hear him muse, "*That* didn't work, did it? Well, we'll find something better before we open."

TO WATCH Noël Coward perform and present himself is indeed an experience in the very type of theater he stands for. It is a theater that for the most part goes unmentioned by academicians and critics intent on seeing the history of modern drama as effusions of theories, "breakthroughs," and metaphysical attitudes. It is, to pluck the word out of Sir Noël's imaginary musings, a theater that *works*, a theater that measures itself in the making against the delight or lack of it produced in an audience and is willing to cajole, fake, wheedle, and, at times, even be surprisingly excellent if it means a successful encounter. It is a theater that has as its urgency a sense of survival. Not the survival of a work of art for the ages, but rather of the careers and livelihoods of the participants. Nowadays when we speak of such a theater, we generally use the word "commercial" and think of the flaccid, moribund example of Broadway. But this is neither accurate nor fair, for the theater now does not offer the rewards it once did and, therefore, rarely produces that peculiar tense mixture of risk, ambition, and low audacity it used to. Neglected by most of the public, the theatrical tradition of an Irving or a Coward has now become petulant and resorts to "serious" defenses to palliate its defeats, defenses which stretch from somber analyses of economic conditions to the well-worn jeremiads about the abuse of art in our mercantile society. The truth is, of course, that the *working* theater has lost nearly all of its social glamor and because of this few want to learn its rituals or risk much for its survival. Writers, after having been stung by a bad review or two, would rather drift into other fields muttering epithets than to try to fashion something usable as stage entertainment. Producers prefer to gamble for the greater power bestowed by films than spend a year rounding up a group of limited partners who can be wiped out in an evening. Actors remain because, as always, they are in overabundance, but one knows that their hearts are not in it, that they are really in transit between the self-respect of a part in a decent revival and the fun and notoriety of a movie location.

No, the theater of Noël Coward hardly exists today, and if there

JACK RICHARDSON *is our regular theater critic.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are those too fastidious to miss it, there are others, like myself, who regret the passing of many of its qualities, the most important of which was its toughness. The participants in a world that could produce three- or four-hundred plays a season before audiences that, if displeased, considered it a traditional right to send barrages of invective at the stage, could not allow themselves the self-aggrandizing emotional crises which attend so many productions in the theater now. Then every debut performance had something of a confrontation about it, a matching of skills and labor against the caprices of the gallery and the superciliousness of the stalls. If wounds were given, they were received on the spot, and the performance went on complete with the humiliating finale of a curtain call and speech. To be sure, this was not a ritual for the delicate sensibility—I think of Henry James who, after taking a volley of catcalls at the curtain of *Guy Domville*, retired to a sickbed muttering distinctions between "the drama," for which he thought himself made, and "the theater," for which he now knew he was not meant—but it did create a healthy sense of mortality, a notion that one was engaged in something totally involved in all the frailties and whims of life. The mannerisms and grand airs of those prima donnas and matinee idols have always seemed to me well-deserved preparations for the next time that they would have to accept raw, impromptu judgments which only an extra-human self-assurance could sustain without permanent collapse.

Noel Coward's theater, then, was a place of hardy egos, personal ambition, pragmatic method, and quick decisions. It was, in sum, a theater that did not make excuses for itself, that understood a failure was not something unholy and unclean. If it was not what modern critics like to think of as experimental, it nevertheless was never narrow in what it presented its audiences. Reviews, sketches, farce, melodrama, comedy, pantomime, monologue, tragedy—they were all served up without distinction, with the same three-week tryout in the provinces and then on to the West End for a go at some glory and a steady income. It is no wonder that, as the prince of this period, Coward is fluent in so many areas. Today the theater has been broken down into sacerdotal compartments, little fiefdoms of aesthetic responsibility which, as often as not, clash with one another and ruin a play in the name of their own particular integrity. But Coward never recognized the need for such pampered speciality: he could write, act, direct, sing, produce, and solve problems of lighting as well as disputes over dressing rooms and wardrobes. Like most assured men of the theater, he considered each production something of a dare, and he felt most certain of things when he himself took as many of the chances as possible. That is why he could create a style, a form that was particularly his, and which never seemed out of joint, whether he was in a battle of repartee with Gertrude Lawrence on a sofa in a Paris flat or milking an audience with an extra chorus of "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" in a Las Vegas night club.

If the word "entertainer" had not been so debased, one might call him that after prefixing it with a master-of-ceremonies qualifier like "ecumenical." But, alas, we have nothing any longer in the language for a person who can amuse a varied audience in many ways, and that is why, as I watched Sir Noël scuttling about New York during his stay here, performing in private and public with similar assurance, I kept falling back on the antiquated description "man of the theater." As pleasant as it was to watch him, I couldn't help feeling depressed that he was so obviously out-of-place now, a person too assured, a person too immodestly pleased about his talents and the readiness with which they came to his aid. We too often believe that agony and monkish seclusion must introduce anything worthwhile, and here was a man who gave us a living precept that seemed to say, "Work hard, know your lines, give them your best profile, and, my dears, you will be stunning." What a marvelously gritty theater it must have been to have produced such deserved arrogance.

Now, critic that I am, let me make a certain qualification here. I am not being nostalgic about the Noël Coward theatrical era because I think of it as a golden time. The most intelligent recorders of English drama—Shaw, Beerbohm, and Tynan—have left us a fairly good indictment of its superficialities, its uncompromising refusal to open up its drawing rooms to the rougher modes of life, its deadening expertise and egomania, its unashamed pimping for its stars and pandering to the expectations of its customers. True, all true. But, also true, there was less hypocrisy about these faults then than there is now, less demand that notions of art be dragged into the most flip endeavor. If this was a theater that held no mirror up to nature because, as Tynan once put it, the proper word was "looking glass," it created nevertheless something like a nature of its own. To be sure, it was a somewhat etiolated nature, a little thin, aimless, and overcultivated, but it produced an amusing landscape—no great crags or mountains, but a hillock or two that all but the most dour seekers of masterpieces could find charming.

Private Lives is certainly something that can be looked at again and again because it delights in the unforced way of a natural phenomenon. It is a play that knows very well what it has intended and what it takes to be important. If you do not believe that people can be elegantly buffeted about the European continent by their passions while they exchange cutting remarks punctuated by some of the best pauses ever placed into comic dialogue, or if you have trouble accepting the significance of surfaces and high flippancy—well then, a large part of some very good theater will be forever alien to you. *Private Lives*, like all good plays of this genre, gave the audience what it wanted and then surprised it by its own good taste. All the basic ingredients were there for an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unstartling piece of calculated sophistication: an attractive couple with nothing more pressing to do than travel about and have a damned difficult time being in love; the proper amount of world-weary banter; the correct proportion of stage-business having to do with making cocktails and lighting cigarettes; the French maid, the dull suitor, and the silly young thing. God knows how many plays contemporary with Sir Noël's used the same ingredients, but none seems to have issued forth buttressed by theatrical instincts so certain of themselves. *Private Lives* is not only a play, it is a whole style of theater. Its genius is not in its lines or in its mood, but in its demand that it be delivered in its own rhythm. It is a work produced by perfect knowledge of the theater, a sort of abstract demonstration of timing and technique. One looks at it and understands that, as with a perfect triangle, its like could never be found in the world, but one understands also that it is not intended to inhabit that ill-defined and undirected place. It is meant only for the theater, only for that domain where no distinction is made between a *longueur* and a reflective moment. It is inevitable that such a work was written by someone who entered the theater at the age of ten and who learned its demands as part of the natural process of maturation. It is no wonder, too, that each time one sees this play one encounters not characters or memorable scenes but, rather, Coward himself, a presence, an attitude, a style.

That presence and that style had enough universality to them to have become the standard tone for nearly two decades of English theater. If it is not in fashion now, it is only because it has slipped to a deeper level of our lives, a level where we suddenly find that we see, judge, and laugh just a little differently from the way we might have laughed had Noël Coward not spent fifty years in the theater working very hard indeed. He definitely has earned his title and the right to consider himself an example of what the stage can do when it is antic, audacious, and does not feel sorry for itself.

"Matzpen" and Its Sponsors

Carl Gershman

THE Committee on New Alternatives in the Middle East, according to Noam Chomsky, one of its founders, was established to promote discussion of the Arab-Israeli crisis, and specifically "to introduce left-wing voices that are rarely heard in the United States." In a letter inviting other intellectuals to sponsor the Committee with him, Chomsky emphasized that it would "take no specific stand on the Middle East" and expressed the hope that people representing "a range of differing views" would join in lending their names to the encouragement of its activities. The first of these activities, he said, would be a national speaking tour for Arie Bober, a member of the Israel Socialist Organization (ISO), often referred to as Matzpen (Compass) after the name of the periodical it publishes. Chomsky described Matzpen as "a small, non-Zionist, Jewish-Arab organization which recognizes the national rights of both Jews and Arabs in Palestine" and believes that reconciliation between them depends upon a "profound social transformation" of the entire area.

Chomsky's letter was well received. Among the initial sponsors of the Committee were Eric Bentley, Stanley Diamond, Richard M. Elman, Erich Fromm, Florence Howe, Louis Kampf, William Kunstler, Sidney Lens, Robert Jay Lifton, Robert Lowell, Staughton Lynd, Dwight Macdonald, Ashley Montagu, Sidney Peck, Pete Seeger, I. F. Stone, William Styron, Louis Untermeyer, José Yglesias, and Howard Zinn. Subsequently the names of Robert Scheer, Murray Kempton, Carey McWilliams, and (according to the Committee's secretary, Berta Langston) "many important Jewish intellecuals" were also added.

In the course of his tour, Bober addressed left-wing audiences at many universities and made an appearance on the *Today* show. He received little press coverage, however, except for some lengthy interviews which appeared in the *Militant*, the organ of the Trotskyite Socialist Workers party (of which Miss Langston is an active member) and two enthusiastic articles in the Boston *Globe*. The author of the articles, David Deitch, is a financial reporter for the *Globe* and also, it turns out, a sponsor of the Committee on New Alternatives, though he did not identify himself as such.

Matzpen consists of about 100 members, a small minority of whom are Arabs, the rest being Jewish students at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Originally part of the Israeli Communist party, Matzpen was expelled in 1962 because it sympathized with Peking more than Moscow, and, more importantly, because of its position on the Arab-Israeli dispute. The group is for the "de-Zionization" of Israel and has expressed its full support for the "resistance" of Palestinian terrorists to "Zionist oppression," which it identifies with "American imperialism." Thus, its stand is far more extreme than that of any other group within Israel, including even Rakah, the Arab Communist party, which accepts the November 22, 1967 UN resolution as the basis for a peace settlement. Matzpen, opposing the existence of "a Zionist Israel," does not accept the UN resolution. Chomsky noted in his letter that Matzpen advocates a "profound transformation" of the Middle East. What he neglected to mention was that this transformation involves the dissolution of the State of Israel.

CARL GERSHMAN *is co-chairman of the Youth Committee for Peace and Democracy in the Middle East and research director of the A. Philip Randolph Institute.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I HEARD Bober speak at Columbia in June. He is unquestionably a skilled polemicist and is particularly effective with young, radical audiences. His most successful rhetorical device, which he used over and over, was to start a sentence with: "As an Israeli, as a Jew, and as a socialist. . . ." Having thus established his credentials, he would then proceed to denounce Israel in terms that most Arab propagandists would not use for fear of appearing too extremist or chauvinistic. Listening to Bober I was reminded of the current anti-Zionist campaign in the Soviet Union, the most obscene aspect of which is the use of Jews to attack other Jews.

Bober was introduced by Edward Said, a Palestinian who is an associate professor of English at Columbia. Said read off the names of some of the sponsors of the Committee on New Alternatives, emphasizing that it was a "widely divergent list with many different views represented." But of course the reading of the names—Chomsky, Kunstler, Lowell, Macdonald—served as an implicit legitimation of what Bober was about to say. And what he was about to say was sweeping, unsparing, and at times virulent in its indictment of Israel. He described Israel as "National Socialist," declared that she was "like any other oppressor throughout history," and associated Zionism with the crimes of fascism, colonialism, and imperialism. Far from opposing Nazism, he charged, Zionists were dependent upon it as a justification of their existence. That is why swastikas "filled them with joy," and that is also why, according to Bober, Zionists cooperated with Hitler to secure the escape of Jews—only rich ones, of course—to Israel.

Bober reiterated all the tired and tiresome left-wing platitudes about Zionism's ties to colonialism and imperialism. Israel, he said, is the bearer of "the white man's burden" in the Middle East, as the French were in Algeria and as the Rhodesians are today in Africa. Moreover, Israel is in a fundamental alliance with imperialism since the state "exists only for the expansion of Zionism." (At times Bober got his imperialisms, not to mention his politics, confused—as when he declared that "American imperialism would defend Zionism to the last drop of Arab oil.")

Bober had nothing favorable to say about the Arab governments, though he had little that was critical to say either. When someone from the audience mentioned that the Arabs publish the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, Bober's response was simply, "So, the Arabs publish?" But if he was neutral on the subject of the Arab governments, he ardently endorsed the Palestinian guerrillas. "We must support the Palestinian revolution without any precondition," he said. "It is the right of oppressed people to fight against oppression by any means they see fit."

SUCH, THEN, are the preachments of the man whom the Committee on New Alternatives describes in an unsigned letter (which, however, lists all the names mentioned above on its letterhead) as "a vigorous, articulate and courageous critic of the stalemated status-quo proponents on both sides."

In allowing their names to be used to promote Bober's tour and to give it a cloak of respectability, the sponsors must accept some measure of responsibility for his views. A few of them would no doubt feel uncomfortable in this, but many—along with numerous other left-wing intellectuals—would probably agree with the substance of Bober's position, finding fault, if at all, only with his harsh rhetoric. A popular view on the Left today is that a "fair" settlement of the Middle East conflict requires the creation of a bi-national state in what is now Israel. Chomsky supports this position, so does Al Fatah which has called for a "secular, democratic, pluralist Palestinian State," and so does Bober in calling for the "de-Zionization" of Israel. Chomsky, Bober, and Al Fatah might disagree over the details of "de-Zionization"—for example, Al Fatah would expel all Jews above the number that lived in Palestine before 1917, which amounts to about 99 per cent of the present Jewish population—but they are in basic agreement that the State of Israel should be dismembered. One wonders how many of the sponsors of the Committee on New Alternatives are fully aware of this fact or have permitted themselves to recognize that in helping to "encourage discussion" about the Middle East, they are lending support to the cause of those who want to destroy Israel.

Commentary Study Guides

- For individuals, libraries and discussion groups
- Published monthly
- Cover the major articles in each issue
- Mailed *first class*, in advance of Commentary magazine.

Subscription rates: 1 year, $3.00; 3 years, $8.00; 5 years, $13.00.

COMMENTARY STUDY GUIDES 165 E. 56 St., New York, N.Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Review

An American Dream

ZELDA. A BIOGRAPHY. By NANCY MILFORD. *Harper & Row. 424 pp. $10.00.*

Reviewed by STEPHEN DONADIO

NANCY MILFORD's biography of Zelda Fitzgerald brings us into an awareness of its subject so intense it seems unmediated by the personality of a biographer. The book's spellbinding power results from the way it makes the working out of Zelda's tortured, enigmatic life a task which we ourselves must attempt to perform as well as a process which we helplessly witness. For even though the progressive revelation seems to be the work of fate, we are somehow convinced that it is also undeniably a product of our own efforts at comprehension: consequently, the act of finding meaning in Zelda's experience serves to make that experience seem part of our own.

But that is not to say that Mrs. Milford has written a book about the Fitzgeralds that allows us to confuse ourselves with them. Nor is it to suggest that she has assembled one of those infinitely tedious and unwieldy compendiums (largely unreadable despite reliable testimony to their status as "definitive") which we have come to accept in lieu of biographies in recent years. Mrs. Milford's book is not exhaustive in that sense. Although the text incorporates a great deal of material (much of it never available before), one never has the sense that that material has simply been collected and exhibited. The pieces fit together, modifying one another, chiefly because the author remains alert and actively engaged in weighing contradictory evidence. She takes nothing for granted. By turns she agrees or disagrees with the sources she is citing; she is skeptical, perplexed, amused, enraged—but the drama of her own responses (which is certainly an important element in the experience of reading this book) goes on, for the most part, underground. Not that it is deliberately concealed: it is simply never meant to occupy the center of the reader's consciousness. But anyone interested in that other story will find it, if he looks, running in phase with the main narrative and surfacing every now and then in arresting juxtapositions, traces of irony ("Hemingway answered Scott's letter by reassuring him that the summer was a disheartening time of year to work. Death, he said, was not in the air as it was in autumn"), occasional repetitions of detail (whether intentional or not, since in either case it is clear that those details in particular have captured the author's imagination), and in the footnotes at the back of the book, which serve to chronicle the process of composition in more than one way.

Mrs. Milford's decision to keep her authorial intrusions to a minimum signals her clear refusal to yield to the temptation of self-aggrandizement through omniscience or association which must suggest itself to every biographer. But there are other reasons for her obvious restraint, which takes a variety of forms: for example, the form of her watchful prose, which has the effect of keeping order without seeming to impose it. Clear-sighted and tactful, her commentary slips in and out of the confused, excessive, sometimes bizarre outbursts and exchanges between the Fitzgeralds, providing perspective but not choking off the reader's own response by giving him immediate cues as to what he should think and feel.

LIKE a fine instrument, Mrs. Milford's text registers everything it is meant to, but the reader is usually left to read the gauges for himself. Whether she is recording the fact that Zelda's mother nursed her until the child (the youngest in the family) was four years old, or quoting telegrams sent by F. Scott Fitzgerald to Zelda during their courtship ("THE SATURDAY EVENING POST HAS JUST TAKEN TWO MORE STORIES PERIOD ALL MY LOVE." "I HAVE SOLD THE MOVIE RIGHTS OF HEAD AND SHOULDERS TO THE METRO COMPANY FOR TWENTY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS I LOVE YOU DEAREST GIRL"), the author does not draw conclusions for the reader which he is capable of drawing for himself. The effect of compression thus achieved helps to explain the feeling of density and weight conveyed by the prose. A further reason for the economy is indicated by a sentence from the last page of the book; recounting Zelda's death (in an accidental fire), Mrs. Milford writes: "Her body was identified by a charred slipper lying beneath it." The essential power of that sentence lies in all that it does not state explicitly and consequently obliges the reader to imagine. But the technique here reflects more than the author's insistence that the reader experience the raw materials of Zelda's life for himself; it suggests that the author, as biographer, by transferring the exercise of imagination to the reader, is deliberately eschewing a traditional prerogative of the fabulist, the writer of fiction.

The significance of this refusal will be seen presently (it is also manifested in the author's determination not to correct misspellings, grammatical errors, etc., in the letters she quotes, since in her view to make such emendations would be to transform the documents substantially). For the moment, one has only to recall Fitzgerald's remark that at times he didn't know whether he was real or a character in one of his own novels to get some idea of how essential Mrs. Milford's tough-minded resistance to the fabulistic impulse might be to the telling of this story. Of course the tendency has always been to regard the Fitzgeralds more or less as if they were movie stars—no doubt because there was a time when they regarded themselves that way—as if

STEPHEN DONADIO *teaches English at Columbia.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

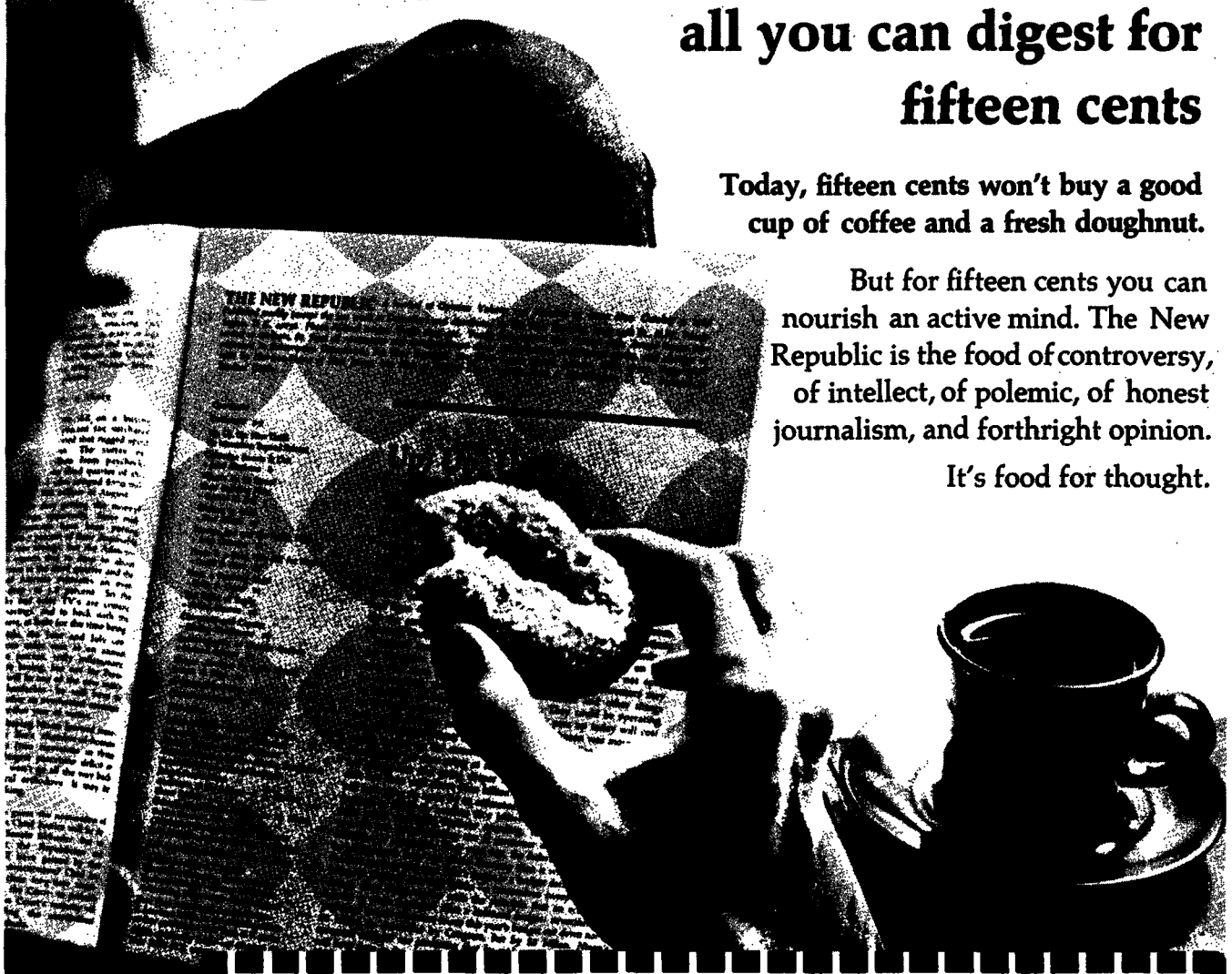
Soul Food

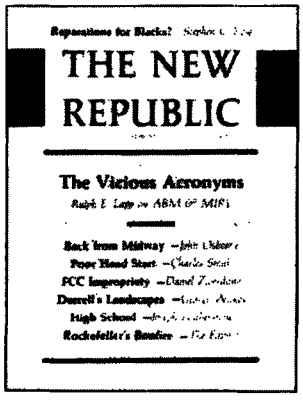
all you can digest for fifteen cents

Today, fifteen cents won't buy a good cup of coffee and a fresh doughnut.

But for fifteen cents you can nourish an active mind. The New Republic is the food of controversy, of intellect, of polemic, of honest journalism, and forthright opinion.

It's food for thought.





Send me the New Republic for 46 weeks and bill me $6.90 ☐
or 86 weeks for $12.90 ☐

That's 15¢ per issue.

Mail to: Circulation Department
The New Republic, 381 W. Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302

Name

Address

City State Zip

COM-5

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they were Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in *It Happened One Night*, or William Powell and Myrna Loy in *The Thin Man*. Mrs. Milford has had to overcome that tendency (which often takes subtler forms in highbrow circles: for example, the widespread habit of regarding the Fitzgeralds as no more or less than innocent victims of the American Dream of wealth, power, and success—a dream which is predictably seen as responsible for turning lesser beings into swine). One of her major tasks has therefore been to show precisely where in the Fitzgeralds' lives reality and illusion fused, and where they came apart.

In doing so, she has chosen to focus her attention on the extraordinarily close relationship between the Fitzgeralds, man and wife. For although this book traces the life of Zelda Sayre from birth through childhood, marriage, psychosis, and death, it remains essentially a record of the metamorphoses of the relationship between Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald, a meditation on what the author calls "that complex tangle of selves within wedlock." By allowing that evolving relationship to serve as the book's dynamic center, Mrs. Milford is able to add nuance and dimension to our understanding of a story which might otherwise divide too simply between light and darkness. When Fitzgerald made his famous remark that American lives have no second act, he must surely have been thinking about Zelda—and about his own life with her. Hence, it is not surprising that this biography's four sections ("Southern Girl," "The Twenties," "Breaking Down," "Going Home"), sections which correspond to distinct phases of Zelda's life, also fall naturally into two groups of two: beginning and end. But Mrs. Milford's narrative works against such a rigorous and ultimately misleading division by adjusting to the changing moods of the Fitzgeralds' relationship, and the modulations of her prose also succeed in capturing Zelda's alternations (she was at one time diagnosed as schizophrenic, a diagnosis recently altered by the physician who originally made it to a more noncommittal "schizoid") between hallucination and lucidity.

By maintaining a tension between unrelenting chronological development and the uneven development of states of mind (a tension which reminds us that while times continue to change we are never completely done with the past), the book makes it possible for us to follow the tragic course of Zelda's life without becoming lost, even though in retrospect there is no single incident that we can point to with assurance as the decisive turning point. (It is tempting to think that that point might have been reached with Zelda's ambiguous "affair" with Edouard Jozan, a young French aviator, during the Fitzgeralds' stay on the Riviera in the late spring of 1924. Despite Scott's notebook entry years later, however—"That September 1924 I knew something had happened that could never be repaired"—whatever happened, though it undoubtedly had serious consequences, seems to have been less a cause than an effect of a process of disintegration which had already begun in the Fitzgeralds' relationship, a disintegration evidenced in part by their habitual excessive drinking.)

WHAT IS most startling about the relationship revealed in this biography is that the Zelda who emerges within it, far from being simply the unfortunate and dangerous obstacle that Hemingway saw, or the "complementary intelligence" Fitzgerald once confessed he wanted her to be, seems altogether as substantial, compelling, and brilliantly imaginative in her way as her celebrated husband. Indeed, it is astonishing to learn how much Fitzgerald actually took from Zelda, how many of her stories he published under his own name (or with his name listed with hers as co-author), how much he depended on her for everything from dialogue and ideas for stories to thoroughgoing criticism of his work to (here, perhaps, from his viewpoint, the first shadow of danger falls) his sense of himself. For her part, Zelda seems to have found in her husband not only a reflection of her own impulse to flamboyance and recklessness, but also emphatic confirmation of the categories in which she always seemed inclined (if not destined) to comprehend her life. Not surprisingly, they were the categories of fiction.

For if, through everything, the Fitzgeralds remained inseparable, from the beginning it was as though they had imagined one another, sprung (as Gatsby does) from "[their] Platonic idea of [themselves]." As Mrs. Milford suggests, Fitzgerald's first conception of Zelda seems virtually identical in many respects with his vision of Daisy Buchanan: "high in a white palace the king's daughter, the golden girl. . . ." And Zelda's view of Scott was no less inclined to slip into fantasy. Moreover, it was also intimately related to the process of writing fiction; in *Save Me the Waltz*, for instance (her only published novel), she evokes her first meetings with Fitzgerald in the summer of 1918, when he was a first lieutenant in the 67th Infantry, stationed at Camp Sheridan, Alabama, and she a stunning, audacious Southern belle surrounded by admiring young officers: "Dancing with [him], he smelled like new goods. Being close to him with her face in the space between his ear and his stiff army collar was like being initiated into the subterranean reserves of a fine fabric store exuding the delicacy of cambrics and linen and luxury in bales." And in the course of the same book: " 'But I warn you,' " she said, 'I am only really myself when I'm somebody else whom I have endowed with these wonderful qualities from my imagination.' "

This tendency of the Fitzgeralds to fictionalize themselves and their life together forms the central theme of Mrs. Milford's book. She traces its development from dreamy innocence through bitterness to helpless terror. "People seldom interest me," Zelda writes in a letter to Scott during their February-June 1919 courtship, "except in their relations to things, and I like men to be just incidents in books so I can imagine their characters—." And Scott, almost as if replying to this assertion in an interview in early 1921, observes:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

". . . I married the heroine of my stories. I would not be interested in any other sort of woman." And still, twelve years later, after Zelda's breakdown, Malcolm Cowley remembers Fitzgerald remarking, "Sometimes I don't know whether Zelda isn't a character that I created myself."

Under such circumstances, it seems entirely consistent that when Fitzgerald "had difficulty visualizing Gatsby, [Zelda] drew pictures until her fingers ached, attempting to capture his image for Scott. The result was, he wrote Perkins, 'I know Gatsby better than I know my own child.' " In this way the Fitzgeralds' art eventually came to dominate their lives, until it became impossibly difficult for them to distinguish between the real and fictional personalities with whom they shared their days and among whom they divided their emotions: as a result, a book like *The Beautiful and Damned* came to seem like an irresistible prophecy, and the process of deterioration it records became a nightmare which they actually awoke to find themselves living. In Mrs. Milford's view, so far as Zelda was concerned this progressive estrangement from reality was intimately related (although perhaps not causally) to her imaginative surrender of her own experience for approval and aesthetic ordering by her husband before she had begun to understand it for herself. In the course of time that early surrender (Zelda was just turning eighteen when the Fitzgeralds met) helped to produce the feeling that her husband had left her nothing of her own, not even a distinct personality. Once Zelda allowed herself to serve as a model for Fitzgerald's wildly popular "flappers," the author seems to be suggesting, she came to feel enslaved by the fictional creation: so thoroughly had she become identified with it that neither she nor her husband could say for certain where the copy ended and the living original began.

Moreover, since both of the Fitzgeralds were inclined to see art as a way of asserting imaginary dominion and control over their most intractable experience, it seems inevitable that sooner or

Change in Communist Systems

Edited by Chalmers Johnson. Twelve of the world's leading specialists on Communism set out to analyze the problems of social, political, and economic change in the fourteen existent Communist systems, using contemporary models of social science theory, in particular the "mobilization system" model. They suggest new conceptual approaches to the study of Communist systems in their early, "mobilization" phase, and describe the processes by which a Communist regime may move beyond this phase. $8.95

Political Terror in Communist Systems

Alexander Dallin and George W. Breslauer. In assessing the place of political terror in Communist systems, the authors identify its range of functions, explore variations in its use, find functional equivalents, and relate terror to some broader hypotheses regarding the dynamics of developing political systems. The use of terror is examined in three stages: the period during and immediately following the seizure of power, the period of mobilization, and the period following the end of mobilization. $5.95

Karl Radek

THE LAST INTERNATIONALIST. *Warren Lerner.* To a greater degree than almost any other important figure of the Marxist movement, Karl Radek (1885–1939) was dedicated to the realization of an international socialist revolution. This full-scale study traces Radek's dynamic political career from his youth in Polish socialism through his years in the old German Social Democratic Party and his recruitment into Bolshevism. His relations with Warszawski, Luxemburg, Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin receive considerable attention. Illustrated. $7.95

Order from your bookstore, please

Stanford University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

later there would be a conflict between them about whose "material" their life together was, about who the real artist was, who had the right (and the power) to interpret the experience they shared. And indeed, anxiety about this question never ceased to plague the couple. On his side, Fitzgerald (who continued to complain bitterly about Zelda's refusal to acknowledge him as a great writer) would maintain after her breakdown and withdrawal that "I was her great reality, often the only liaison agent who could make the world tangible to her—." And Zelda, after the publication of *Tender Is the Night*, hospitalized again and hearing voices, "said that she realized the voices were within herself, and hearing them alarmed her but was also a pleasant sensation. She said she was terrified of Scott; she said that he interpreted life for her. Sometimes his voice called her name over and over again, or repeated what she was saying, or said: 'Please, please, don't be in an insane asylum.' 'O, I have killed her!' 'I have lost the woman I put into my book.' "

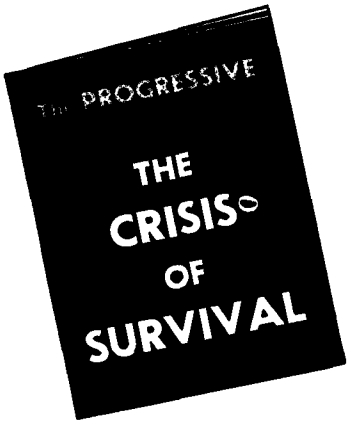
By following the thread of this argument between the Fitzgeralds —an argument that remained at the heart of their relationship— Mrs. Milford is able to keep from losing her subject once Zelda has become manifestly psychotic. As a consequence, her biography never collapses into case history, but remains accessible as the record of a conflict which, although intensely personal and specific, transcends simple personal (and possibly idiosyncratic) considerations.

WHEN SHE begins working out the implications of the argument, Mrs. Milford's understanding of Fitzgerald's needs, both as a writer and as a man, is combined with her perception of a certain coolness and detachment in his character. Commenting on one of his most moving letters to his wife, for instance, the author notes: "At the beginning of this letter Scott had apologized to Zelda for dictating it; he said she would understand if she could see the clutter of unanswered mail on his desk. But, as authentic as the emotion of the letter was for Scott, there is something distasteful about his having dictated it." A similar judgment is implicit in a remark about Zelda's writing (which is accurately characterized as one manifestation of "her uncanny ability to express the undercurrent drift of her feelings") as seen in contrast to her husband's: "Her lucid self-revelation was matchless in her private letters to Scott, but it was Scott who could, so to speak, use himself publicly." This judgment must be understood in the context of Fitzgerald's tendency to feed his art with his own—and Zelda's—life. (That tendency seems to have been what was on Zelda's mind when, late in her life, in *Caesar's Things*, a fragmentary, incoherent novel, never published, she wrote: ". . . He had planned his life for story anyway . . . he could weave his own romance and was well able to do so with what there was at hand. . . .") For example, Zelda's "groggy comment as she came out from under the anesthesia" after her long and difficult labor in giving birth to their daughter, Scottie (". . . I hope it's beautiful and a fool—a beautiful little fool"), is recorded by Fitzgerald and attributed to Daisy Buchanan in *The Great Gatsby*. In this connection, while Mrs. Milford understands that after Zelda's breakdown and the disintegration of the Fitzgeralds' life together "it was necessary for Scott to comprehend in the most personal terms the calamity that had befallen them," and "in order to do that he had to write about it," she is also aware of the significance of some of the alterations and distortions of reality which were involved in the creation of *Tender Is the Night*. One example will suffice. A sentence from one of Zelda's letters to Scott, written when she was being treated at Prangins, a sanitarium outside Geneva, reads as follows: "At any rate one thing has been achieved: I am thoroughly and completely humiliated and broken if that was what you wanted." In the novel, the sentence becomes: "The mental trouble is all over and besides that I am completely broken and humiliated, if that was what they wanted."

But paradoxically, the cumulative effect of this series of judgments is not to diminish our sympathy for Fitzgerald. On the contrary: for even though we come to see him as a man who sometimes (almost certainly unconsciously) used his wife for his own emotional and imaginative advantage, we are never permitted to forget that in the Fitzgerald household that activity was hardly limited to Scott. Moreover, the account of Fitzgerald's weaknesses, inadequacies, and defects of character serves to deepen our sense of awe and admiration for his achievement by placing that achievement in a convincing context against which it may at last be measured. In this respect Mrs. Milford's book supersedes much of the previous biographical writing about the Fitzgeralds, writing which as a rule seems either excessively naive or lacking in intuition and drastically limited in its imaginative sympathies. There are, of course, certain exceptions: for example, Sheilah Graham's *Beloved Infidel*, Morley Callaghan's *That Summer in Paris*, Calvin Tomkins's superb *New Yorker* profile of Gerald and Sara Murphy, and—whether one likes it or not—the relevant sections of Hemingway's posthumous *A Moveable Feast*. These are works which succeed in suggesting the emotional milieu in which the Fitzgeralds moved at various times in their lives, and Mrs. Milford has used them all to full advantage. The full-length biographies of F. Scott Fitzgerald by Arthur Mizener and Andrew Turnbull also remain useful, in some ways indispensable—as does Matthew J. Bruccoli's study of the composition of *Tender Is the Night*—but any fresh attempt to understand and judge Fitzgerald's fiction must now begin with Mrs. Milford's book.

JUST BEFORE the end of her life in 1948, Zelda Fitzgerald gave some advice to an aspiring young writer who was worried about drawing his material for a novel from the lives of people close to him. "The world is fair game to the greedy themes of the literary-minded," Zelda said. "It is difficult to make one's close associates realize that all things are meat to a writer's imagination and that interpreta-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE CRISIS OF SURVIVAL

the special issue of

The Progressive

wins universal acclaim

An authoritative, tough-minded, action-oriented survey of the environmental challenges that vitally affect the lives of every one of us.

"A stunning indictment of our environmental debacle, plus highly constructive guidelines for reform."
—CLAY SCHOENFELD, Editor
The Journal of Environmental Education

"Superb. An invaluable guide for those who care."
—REP. ABNER J. MIKVA

"An unusually able and timely presentation by some of our most distinguished authorities."
—BRUCE STEWART
Professor of Natural Science
Michigan State University

". . . a major public service . . ."
—SENATOR FRANK CHURCH

"A most lucid and useful guide for those seeking understanding and direction in the great ecological crisis."
—HAROLD C. JORDAHL, JR.
Professor of Regional Planning
University of Wisconsin

"Excellent articles by distinguished and authoritative writers."
—SEN. WALTER MONDALE

"The Progressive's study of the environmental crisis is an excellent reference work and an urgent call for comprehensive and effective programs."
—SENATOR EDMUND S. MUSKIE

"An unusually useful and authoritative survey of one of the great challenges confronting modern man."
—RICHARD S. LEWIS, Editor
The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists

"'The Crisis of Survival' is an ecosystem all by itself—an impressive decalogue for the Environmental Decade."
—REP. HENRY S. REUSS

"An especially helpful resource work, presented with great clarity."
—WILLIAM DAVIDON
Professor of Physics
Haverford College

AUTHORS

PAUL EHRLICH

BARRY COMMONER

GEORGE WALD

RALPH NADER

JOHN LINDSAY

GAYLORD NELSON

DENIS HAYES

DAVID INGLIS

HENRY GIBSON

GLADWIN HILL

HAL BORLAND

WILLIAM STEIF

KENNETH BOULDING

EARTH DAY WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING

of the fight to save the environment. "The Crisis of Survival" has become the most sought-after sourcebook of the environmental movement, and will be for a long time to come.

Order your copy today—only $1

The PROGRESSIVE • MADISON, WISCONSIN 53703

The Progressive 401 W. Gorham St.
Madison, Wis. 53703

Enclosed $1. Please send me immediately "The Crisis of Survival."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions and transpositions are the biggest part of his game and are not always transgressions of devotion. . . ." Not always, perhaps, but if not always, when? It is that immensely difficult and troubling question about the writer's enterprise that Mrs. Milford has kept before her all through the writing of this book, and her attempts to come to terms with it have resulted in her general wariness about "interpretations and transpositions" since these constitute "the biggest part" of an activity that would result, if not deliberately checked, in the invention (or mere perpetuation) of seductive but treacherous fictions about Zelda's life. Mrs. Milford's distrust of the power of art—the power to transform reality, as any freshman will tell you without batting an eye—grows inevitably out of her contemplation of the life of the Fitzgeralds. For if the dream they shared was really the one which we have come to call the American Dream, then in the end that dream appears to be the furthest dream of art: the dream that one is actually free to create oneself as one creates a work of art.

And indeed it might be argued that, for a variety of reasons, ideas of art triumphant have always been more powerful in the American imagination than ideas of society and its demands. But Mrs. Milford has not chosen to understand these questions as cultural or philosophical abstractions: she has reached deep into the life of her subject to find their roots, and her overwhelmingly compassionate biography enables us, as if for the first time, to estimate the human cost of such ideas.

For more than almost anyone writing before her, Mrs. Milford has understood that "to record [Zelda's] breakdown is to give witness to her helplessness and terror, as well as to explore again the bonds that inextricably linked the Fitzgeralds." And Scott himself, with remarkable lucidity and tenderness, once described the nature of those bonds:

> . . . Perhaps 50% of our friends and relatives would tell you in all honest conviction that my drinking drove Zelda insane—the other half would assure you that her insanity drove me to drink. Neither judgment would mean anything: . . . these two classes [of friends and relatives] would be equally unanimous in saying that each of us would be well rid of the other—in full face of the irony that we have never been so desperately in love with each other in our lives. Liquor on my mouth is sweet to her; I cherish her most extravagant hallucination.

Such a summary of the complexities of the Fitzgeralds' relationship has the effect of breaking facile causal chains and canceling out smug judgments; it evokes what Mrs. Milford tells us always remained for the Fitzgeralds from their earliest days together as husband and wife, "the long talks throughout the night, those joint monologues like shared dreams which brought with them a closeness so binding that it was to last a lifetime." In this regard, it is not the least of this biography's achievements that by placing us face to face with two people so hopelessly in love, struggling to reclaim their lives from chaos, despair, and madness in a ceaseless attempt to make good on the broken promise of the past, in the end it reduces us to grief and silence.

Déjà Vu

SOCIAL POLICY. MAY/JUNE 1970. *International Arts & Science Press. 68 pp. $1.50. $8.00 a year for six issues.*

Reviewed by NATHAN GLAZER

SOCIAL POLICY is a new journal devoted generally to social change, but specifically to a critical examination of the various agencies of social policy—in education, health, welfare, housing, manpower training, and the like. The editor is Frank Riessman, author of *The Culturally Deprived Child*, but better known for his book, with Arthur Pearl, *New Careers for the Poor*, and for his subsequent efforts, following up on this book, to encourage the use of non-professional workers in public agencies dealing with the poor. The editorial board is a distinguished one which includes such figures as Noam Chomsky, Kenneth Keniston, Charles Hamilton, Alvin Gouldner, Paul Jacobs, Rhody McCoy, Peter Edelman, Roy Innis, and Marilyn Gittell.

Social Policy is clearly not intended to be a journal reflecting the point of view of the typical administrator or the typical professional agency (even though many contributors to the first issue have been or are administrators and professionals). Rather, it will form part of that massive revaluation which has been affecting every area of American life and thought. Just as all intellectual and scientific values and all the major academic disciplines are having their assumptions and preconceptions explored and their fruits assayed; and just as American democracy itself is under attack as inadequate, limited, or positively destructive of human life and human values, so, too, social workers, teachers, policemen, doctors, principals, hospital administrators, government officials, have been coming under strong and sometimes virulent attack.

All this, of course, has been going on for a long time—indeed since the late 1950's—and the general lines of the attack are by now familiar. So far as the established social agencies, public and private, are concerned, the charge is that they have become professionalized, more preoccupied with their own internal standards than with the concrete human beings they are supposed to help. The result is that instead of helping, they hurt: the teachers miseducate, the social workers make their clients dependent, the doctors ignore the real sources of ill health, the police exercise violence, etc. Another line of attack points to the bureaucratic division of the client into various parts, each subject to the ministrations of a different agency. And still another line of attack points to the cultural ignorance of middle-class professionals dealing with lower-class clients or of white professionals dealing with black or Puerto Rican or Mexican clients.

Throughout the 60's programs and approaches were developed aimed at overcoming these deficiencies of the social agencies: to allow

NATHAN GLAZER *is professor of education and social structure in the Graduate School of Education at Harvard.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The famous **Soncino Books of the Bible** are now available to Commentary Readers

Almost 500 years ago, in 1478, Israel Soncino produced his first Hebrew book in the town of Soncino, Italy. Through the following centuries the Soncino family, struggling against difficulties and prejudice, continued to publish in many cities and countries. Through it all, Soncino books have typified the single dedicated purpose and the personal craftsmanship of the men who made books when printing was in its infancy. Today, the Soncino Press in London, carries on that tradition.

Through a very special arrangement, The Commentary Library is now able to make the 14-volume Soncino Books of the Bible available to its members — at attractive savings when purchased in sets.

The Soncino Books of the Bible comprise the entire Old Testament. Fourteen volumes — 5,491 pages in all — are required to accommodate the Hebrew text with its corresponding verse-by-verse English translation. Introductions by eminent biblical scholars, as well as explanatory notes and commentaries in each volume, contribute toward making this series one of extraordinary value. The Soncino edition is further enhanced by its handsome appearance; it is printed in large, easy-to-read type on the richest of papers.

The Commentary Library
165 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the sets I have checked at the right. My check for $_____ is enclosed. Packing and shipping costs will be paid by The Commentary Library.

Name .....

Address .....

City, State, Zip .....

AVAILABLE BY THE SET ONLY

THE SONCINO BOOKS OF THE BIBLE

	Individual Prices
The Soncino Chumash (Pentateuch)	$ 8.00
Joshua and Judges	4.75
Samuel I & II	4.75
Kings I & II	4.75
Isaiah	4.75
Jeremiah	4.75
Ezekiel	4.75
Twelve Prophets	4.75
Psalms	4.75
Proverbs	4.75
Job	4.75
Five Megilloth	4.75
Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah	4.75
Chronicles I & II	4.75
	$69.75

SPECIAL SETS OF 14 VOLUMES

☐ Classic Dark Blue library bindings. ($69.75 if bought individually) **$59.50**

☐ Deluxe white or dark red Malkene bindings **$100.00**

☐ Genuine leather, connoisseur collection in elegant blue or brown fine leather with elaborate gold trim and embossing ..**$205.00**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the poor a role in planning, delivering, and evaluating the services that were purportedly designed for them ("maximum feasible participation"); to decentralize the bureaucracies so that the clients would be able to acquire a greater say in the running of them ("community control"); to supplement and even replace the professionals with people lacking professional qualifications but closer to and more representative of the clients ("para-professionals," starting on "new career ladders"); to get the professionals to serve the interests of the clients and not those of the government agencies ("advocate planners" and other "advocates"); and to put blacks and other minorities at the center of all these new developments.

Virtually every article in the first issue of *Social Policy* embodies these relatively new but already aging approaches and ideas, as one can see from the titles alone: "The Dialectics of Community Control," "Community Control and Radical Social Reform," "The Changing Face of Professionalism," "Whom Does the Advocate Planner Serve?," "Social Policy and White Racism," "Year One at I. S. 201." Some of these articles are better and some worse, but so alike are they in content and tone that it is hard to keep them apart in one's mind, and there is little that is new in any of them. After being exposed to a long series of arguments, mostly arguing for the same thing, one thirsts for the concrete, for—let me say it—the non-ideological. One wants to know whether these policies have been tried, and if not, why not, and if so, how they have worked and why. There is almost none of this in the first issue of *Social Policy*.

Thus, "Year One at I. S. 201" describes the first of the schools in New York City under community control, schools which according to the writer went through the terrible year of 1968-69 undisturbed. The author, Charles E. Wilson, the former unit administrator of I. S. 201, gives us intriguing hints as to what went on but not much more than that. For example, "Some of the experienced teachers who chose to remain needed and may still require help in updating their skills and acquainting themselves with new techniques and new resources. Some required and still require a kind of politicizing and reorientation." That sounds interesting, but just what does he *mean*? Or: "Not all of 201's innovative attempts were successful. But even the failures were instructive. . . . " Which ones, and in what ways? Mr. Wilson doesn't say. Instead, we get the typical administrative prose, which is impenetrable to the layman: "In the future, teacher-centered programs will not be as easily accepted by the unit administrator and governing board as in the past, unless the programs demonstrate flexibility of design and flexible directors."

ABSTRACT and ideologically familiar though it is, the Wilson article, like most of the other contributions to this first issue, does meet certain tests—if only minimal ones—of logic and coherence. From "Social Policy and White Racism" by Preston Wilcox, however, it would appear that any article attacking "white racism" is to be exempt by the editors of *Social Policy* from even those extremely modest standards. "Urban renewal became 'Negro removal'; Model Cities is more accurately understood as Model Colonies; Public Assistance turned out to be planned starvation . . . it is fairly obvious to keen observers that this nation is organized residentially to overprotect the vaginas of white women from Black men." That is the flavor of the piece. "Any serious, sociological studies of Blacks will note the white supremacist attitudes which underly them." Mr. Wilcox then refers to only two studies, both of which in his mind *challenge* "white supremacist attitudes." They are by Charles Tilly and Karl E. Taueber, who are white. Aware that something is wrong with his argument, he says, "These two studies were exceptions to the norm." No one who knows anything of the field could agree with him.

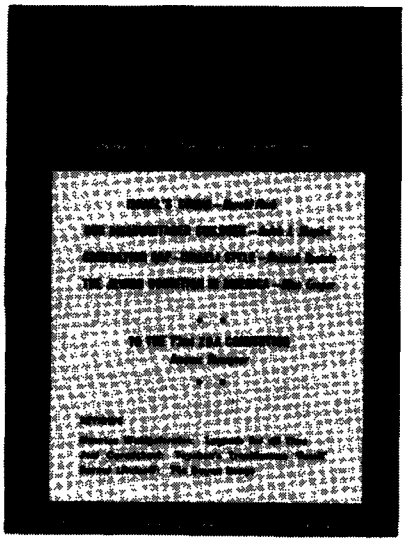
But there is something, if not exactly new, then not quite old, in *Social Policy*. It is an argument between the proponents of the various reforms in social policy I have referred to (community control, para-professionals, advocate professionals, and the like), and those who are convinced that even these reforms will not do the job. The latter group believes that our society is hopelessly rigged against the poor, that social services will always benefit the professionals rather than the clients, and that something larger and more massive than these reforms—however great the struggle that has already been waged to institute them—is therefore needed.

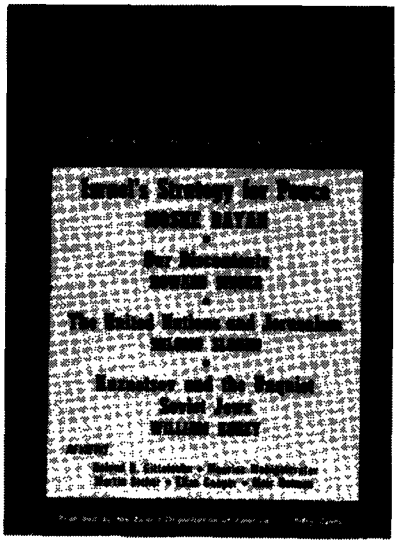
Matthew Dumont, for example, discussing as a hopeful development the rise of a new anti-professional professionalism, contributes the engaging term, "the swinging professional"—one guesses he is the social worker or teacher with beard, beads, and the corresponding attitudes. In response, Robert Reiff gloomily comments that "a less naive view would recognize that professionalism cannot be changed without changing the whole social fabric." Similarly, Frances Fox Piven, on the "big change" side of the debate, argues that the advocate planner, a planner who works with and plans for the poor, "deflects conflict by preoccupying newcomers to city politics with procedures that pose little threat to vested interests. It is a strategy which thus promotes political stability in the city. But if the force of the poor depends on the threat of instability, planning advocacy does little to promote equity." Sumner Rosen retorts in defense of advocacy: "An alternative plan may, in the short run, move leaders off the streets, as Piven says (does she want them always there?)." Another "big-change" polemicist, Stanley Aronowitz (a columnist for the radical weekly, the *Guardian*), attacks community control under the grand title, "The Dialectics of Community Control" and in the kind of jargon that is common on the Left: "A radical analysis of power in America reveals the interlocking character of control over all institutions in a pyramid fashion, with the pinnacle of power in most local institutions held by the same groups of corporations and their professional servants in government or human service bureaucracies." And so on to the conclusion: "It requires that the movement for popular control search out societal alternatives beyond the confines of the corporate capitalist framework."

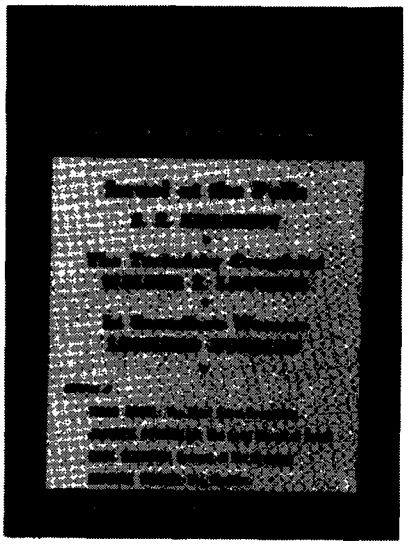
Even Frank Riessman seems to have developed doubts about the

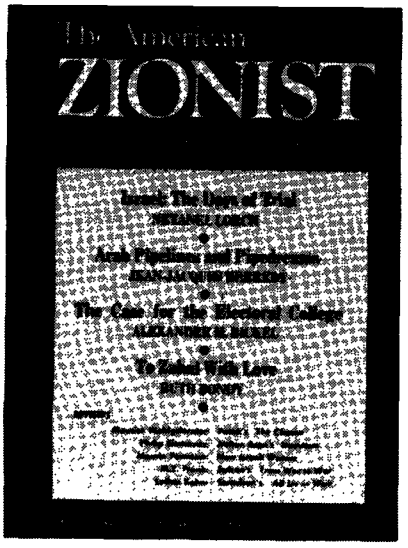
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

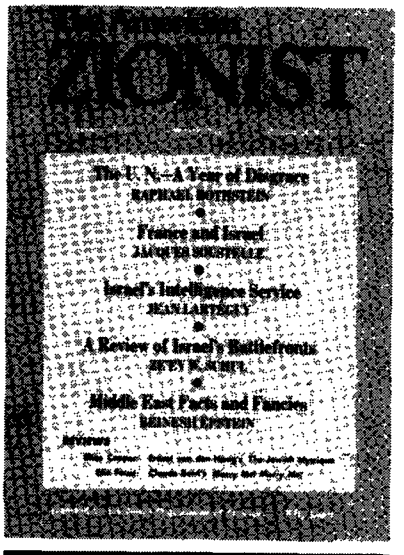
Is All This Worth $3 a Year?

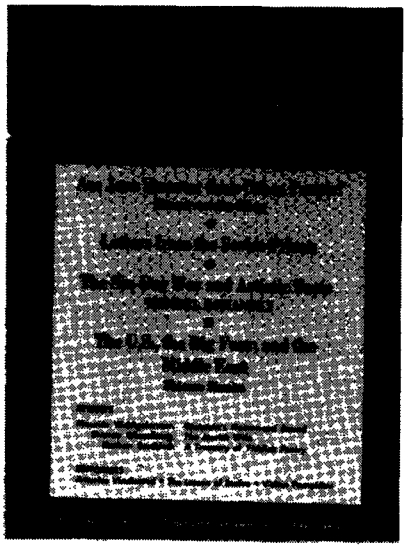


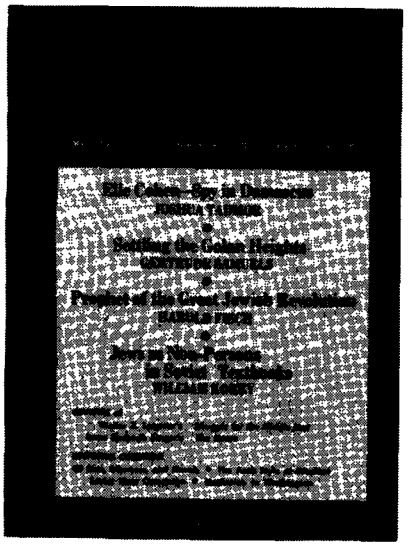


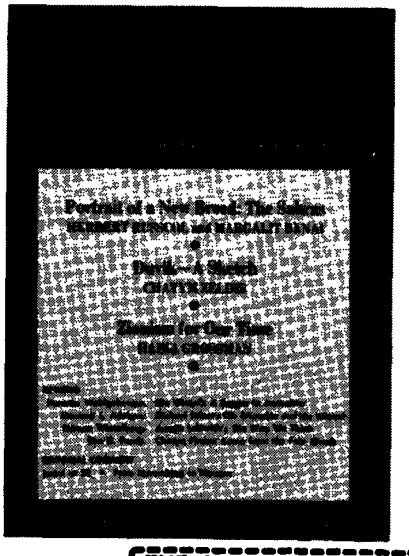


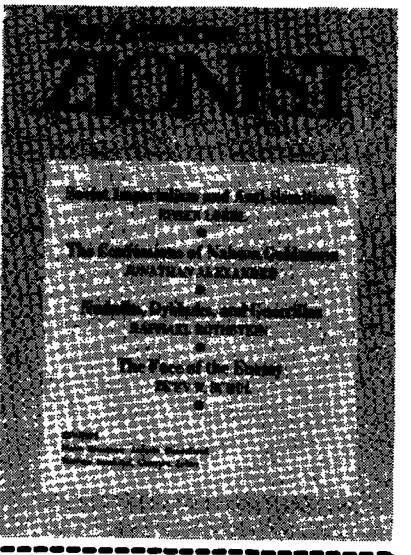












Our Cover Tells Only Half the Story. Subscribe Now and Get Our Current Issue Free!

THE AMERICAN ZIONIST
Subscription Department
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N. Y. 10016

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

I enclose $3.00 for my one year subscription.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

efficacy of change within social institutions themselves in the absence of larger change at the top—this despite the fact that Riessman has been one of the most energetic of those who have been involved in thinking up and launching precisely such reforms. Community control, he says in a piece written in collaboration with Alan Gartner, must fail unless it "is escalated and becomes programmatic, demanding specific educational policy changes . . . at a national level." S. M. Miller, a frequent collaborator of Frank Riessman, also gets into this argument in an article with Pamela Roby entitled "Social Mobility, Equality, and Education." They make the point—which they have previously made elsewhere—that the current unequal distribution of income seems particularly resistant to changes by way of more democratic education, or greater social mobility, and they suggest that it may be changed only by direct measures of redistribution. This point of view, skeptical as it is that reforms *within* social-welfare institutions can make for movement toward equality, would put Miller and Roby on the "big-change" side of the debate, rather than on the "reform of welfare institutions" side.

The debate, though not at all neat, is a real one, and at least in this first issue of *Social Policy* there are still two sides—what we may call the less-Left and the more-Left. The big-change group may be further divided between those who think it is possible to work within the system and those who do not. A number of contributors are straddling this issue. Potentially the most interesting thing about *Social Policy* is the course of this debate.

There is no debate, however, where *actual* social policies are concerned. Except for Jules Cohn ("Business and the Hard-Core Unemployed"), hardly any of the writers here seems interested in the specific problems and promises of going programs or proposed programs in the areas of health, education, welfare, housing, and the like. Thus we get no discussion in *Social Policy* of the proposed Nixon-Moynihan welfare reform, perhaps the chief potential development in social policy in recent years. There is no discussion of the crisis in health care, which now rivals education in claiming a substantial share of the gross national product (both are already not far behind defense, and growing faster). There is no discussion of any issues in education except for community control, though achieving community control would still leave us with the same questions about education that plague us now. There is no discussion of the processes of public-opinion formation, organizational influence, and governmental decision-making which affect what we do in all areas of social policy. The missing ingredient in *Social Policy*, in short, is social policy.

THIS PERHAPS helps explain why the lead article in the first number is an attack on another journal, the *Public Interest* (edited by Daniel Bell and Irving Kristol). The thesis of the article, written by Maurice R. Berube and Marilyn Gittell, is that "the promotion of professionalism" is the major interest of the *Public Interest*. As a regular contributor to the *Public Interest*, and as a member of its board of editors, I was surprised by this charge. After all, Daniel Bell and Irving Kristol, if they are professional anything, are professional intellectuals, writers, and editors. They are scarcely professionals in the sense of being social workers, principals, government administrators, etc., and yet the authors of this article think that Kristol and Bell's main concern is to protect the interests of *these* professionals. In support of this charge, Berube and Gittell argue that the *Public Interest* dismisses "Community Action Programs, the Black Power movement, community control, student protests, and on and on." And yet I recall early and important articles in the *Public Interest* by Daniel Moynihan and Earl Raab on community control, and I recall a whole issue devoted to student protest. It is true that the *Public Interest* does have other interests—the distribution and redistribution of income; problems of taxation; the state of social security and of welfare, housing, health, and manpower programs. But the magazine has scarcely spoken *for* the professionals—the professionals, that is, engaged in the thankless task of developing and running programs in these areas—in the sense in which Berube and Gittell use the term. It has, however, been more sympathetic to the plight of professionals in these areas than the writers in *Social Policy* seem to be—simply because it takes issues of social policy more seriously and inevitably gives them closer and more detailed scrutiny.

But I think that the *Public Interest* is more attached to professionalism than *Social Policy* in quite another sense, a sense foreign to the critique of Berube and Gittell. It is more committed to rigor of analysis, to cogency of presentation, and to factual detail than *Social Policy*, at least on the evidence of this first issue, seems to be.

There should be two, three, many journals dealing with social policy. They should be different. The concerns of the people associated with *Social Policy* are serious and important. But these concerns have been given a rather weak and tired presentation in this first issue, as if everyone had been asked to fish something out of the bottom drawer which he hadn't quite thought worth publishing until then. The field of social policy is worth more than that, and if it is to make an impact, *Social Policy* will have to do better in the future.

Judaism & Modernism

BIRTH CONTROL IN JEWISH LAW: MARITAL RELATIONS, CONTRACEPTION, AND ABORTION AS SET FORTH IN THE CLASSIC TEXTS OF JEWISH LAW. By DAVID M. FELDMAN. *New York University Press. 322 pp. $9.95.*

Reviewed by IRVING GREENBERG

JUDAISM, classically speaking, is a religion grounded in law, the Halakhah, whose myriad particulars in their totality comprise the Jewish "way of life." This fact, however, has largely been obscured for most Jews and Christians alike,

IRVING GREENBERG, *a new contributor, is associate professor of history at Yeshiva University and rabbi of the Riverdale Jewish Center in New York City.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the chief culprit being the widespread breakdown of Jewish observance in modern times, but also the inaccessibility of much of the halakhic source material. Among other effects, this has resulted in a preponderance of books of the essence-of-Judaism sort, and a paucity of works dealing with the classical modes of practice and thought which have distinguished Judaism *qua* religion. A further consequence is a frequently distorted comprehension of the Jewish past, to say nothing of an excessive dependence on modernist formulations to direct the Jewish present.

FOR THIS reason David Feldman's *Birth Control in Jewish Law* is doubly welcome. Not only does the work offer a scholarly overview of the Jewish legal tradition, in this instance on a matter of great human concern, but it also seeks to advance a case for the continuing relevance of Jewish religious law. Feldman accomplishes this through a painstaking analysis of the pertinent sources, from the talmudic rulings (which, incidentally, permit contraception under circumstances about which later tradition argued), on through the hundreds of responsa on the subject over the centuries, and down to the contemporary rabbinic formulations of the issue. Along the way, the reader is also instructed in the methodology of halakhic decision-making, gaining an intelligent understanding of the assorted literary exegeses and legal considerations which go into the process.

Jewish tradition—to state the matter briefly—asserts the sacredness of life; but the Halakhah, operating as it does by the case method, avoids simple generalizations or "natural law" formulations. Thus, Halakhah affirms both the commandment to procreate and the primacy of the living over the yet unborn. Since the bringing of new life into the world can often be the occasion for endangering human well-being, Jewish law sought to reconcile both claims by permitting some forms of contraception under certain conditions (such as a threat to the mother's health). Feldman elaborates these general principles with an abundance of illuminating historical and textual detail. He then attempts a rather difficult feat, but one he is able to bring off because of his sure scholarly footing. Surveying the traditional literature applying halakhic criteria to present-day methods of birth control, Feldman goes on to rate the acceptability of the various methods according to the current requirements of Halakhah. The conclusion is a reconciliation of past emphases on procreation with the new urgency of contraceptive considerations. Male contraceptive methods, he concludes, would be rejected (this is a reflection of the particular responsibility of the male for procreation—the commandment "be fruitful and multiply" was classically addressed to him); female non-mechanical types of contraception (pills, foams, etc.) would most likely be allowed, if used for

HARPER TORCHBOOKS

Just published

On Understanding Violence Philosophically and Other Essays
by J. GLENN GRAY

"One of the baffling aspects of our species is the continuing attraction that violence possesses for most human beings. . . . If the social and natural scientists can be practically more effective than we in the short range, philosophers are more likely than they to uncover the roots of violence by renewed reflection on what it means to be a human being." — J. GLENN GRAY
TB/1521 $1.25
Torchbook Library Edition. Cloth TLE/19 $6.00

The Apathetic Majority
A Study Based on Public Responses to the Eichmann Trial
by CHARLES Y. GLOCK, GERTRUDE J. SELZNICK and JOE L. SPAETH

"It is the only attempt to probe public reaction to the Eichmann trial in an empirical way. . . . Of value to students of intergroup relations, public opinion, prejudice, and as an example of survey methodology."—*Choice.* "This book will disturb those who have great faith in American public opinion."—*Library Journal.* New Foreword by Paul S. Lazarsfeld. TB/1535 $2.45

Anatomy of Europe
by ANTHONY SAMPSON

"A study in depth of Europe, as it stands a quarter of a century after the end of World War II. . . . A book that seems likely to remain a classic in its field." — WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLAIN, *Wall Street Journal.* "Informative and a delight to read. . . . Sampson culls from the best authorities the essence of their knowledge."—DAVID SCHOENBRUN, *Saturday Review* *A Harper Colophon Book.* CN/187 $2.45
Cloth $7.95

The Dream That Was No More a Dream
A Search for Aesthetic Reality in Germany, 1890-1945
by BILL KINSER and NEIL KLEINMAN

"The political culture of both Germany and Italy during this period was itself histrionic, and it produced leaders like Hitler and Mussolini who were entirely appropriate extensions of . . . theatrical sensibility. . . . We must consider not only Germany's consciously fabricated dream, but also the unconscious one — that is, its symbolic drama." — From the Introduction. *Illus.*
A Harper Colophon Book. CN/166 $2.95

At your bookseller
Harper & Row
1817 Paperback Dept. 64, 49 E. 33d St., New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reasons of health.* (To some, such distinctions may appear to be otiose, if not odious, but by avoiding general prohibitions, Judaism has managed to bypass the kind of crisis—that of having to change a "universal principle"—which racks Catholicism today.)

Feldman's book, however, is more than a competent, even interesting, exercise in scholarship. Indeed, as I have suggested, the animating spirit behind the work is to demonstrate the relevance of the Jewish tradition to the claims of the present. For this purpose Halakhah is continually compared with Christian exegetical traditions and doctrinal views of marital sexuality. The comparison shows that, by modern norms, Judaism would appear to be closer in mood to our Western sensibilities than Christianity—at least until Christianity began internalizing modern values. In Christianity, celibacy is the ideal; in Judaism, marriage is the fundamental *mitzvah*. Original sin is linked to sexuality by Augustine and the medieval Christian theologians. Jewish thinkers of the period favor temperance and restraint in sex but also affirm that pleasure, as well as procreation, is a valid goal of the sexual act.

When social circumstances came to demand a reconsideration of contraception, Christian theologians turned, quite naturally, to abstinence as a solution—the rhythm method, for example. Jewish religious authorities rejected abstinence since it would conflict with the *desideratum* of a joyous, harmonious (that is, sexually fulfilling) domestic life; they sought other forms of contraception that would not interfere with the marital relationship. In fact, contraception has always been an option in the Jewish tradition and, until very recently, a violation of "natural law" in mainstream Christian tradition. Thus, therapeutic contraception is universally recognized in Jewish law, but until the 20th century, it was ruled out by Christian consensus. In the same way Feldman shows that although Judaism is opposed to abortion out of reverence for life, the nature and the quality of the opposition leaves ample room for therapeutic abortion and potential leniency to protect the general health of the mother—even from severe mental anguish.†

BUT IF everything is so good, why is everything so bad? If the tradition is so relevant, why are the bulk of present-day Jews so remote from it? One reason, of course, is that the Jews don't know their own tradition. But the problem runs deeper than ignorance, and this is what many of the proponents of the Halakhah, including Feldman, have by and large failed to come to grips with. The real competition for Jewish identification and loyalty, I would suggest, is not Christianity but modernism. Hence it is hardly sufficient to show that Judaism is in accord with the modern spirit, and let it go at that; for, in fact, classical Judaism falls quite short of the modernist mark. One example: the majority of American Jews—moderns all—who practice birth control (the figure is usually given at over 95 per cent of the total) do so for assorted socio-economic reasons, better living standards, upward mobility, etc. But on this point Feldman summarizes the Jewish religious tradition as follows: "The economic factor is simply not admissible! . . . [as] to financial exigency, the very idea of allowing it to figure in considerations of birth control seems unworthy. . . ."

I would argue that a practice of birth control that stems from socio-economic motives has a religious edge to it, in that it reflects the impulse for human fulfillment and mastery over human fate. But that is really beside the point. On this matter, Feldman and all the other proponents of Jewish relevance are simply hoist by their own petard. They appeal to a covert modernist norm to validate the significance of Jewish practice. In so doing they accept the modern norm as the touchstone; but Judaism, in its classical form, often does not qualify by that standard. Those who would uphold Halakhah might therefore do better to reject the criterion of relevance, whereby Judaism inevitably ends up as a lesser reflection of the dominant cultural trends. (The very appeal to relevance is itself testimony to Judaism's satellite role in a general culture.) At the very least, if relevance is to be invoked, a rethinking of the relationship between religious values and the socio-economic component of modern culture would be in order.

In a further exposition of the tradition's opposition to a materialist motive for engaging in birth control, Feldman writes: ". . . material considerations are highly improper in connection with something as spiritual and selfless as the bearing and raising of children." Put this way, the issue seems to be spirituality and/or higher values versus materialism. This may give comfort to traditionalists who can console themselves with the notion that the widespread disregard of the religious tradition is testimony to the cupidity and selfishness of human nature rather than to the shortcomings or irrelevance of the tradition. But such a view is entirely too self-serving. It fails to take into account the fact that what has exploded the system of Jewish observance is not material temptation alone, but an extraordinary and very heady combination of idealism *plus* material advantage. Nowhere is the tradition more vulnerable than in its ongoing incapacity to grasp the religious possibilities of affluence. The nub of modernism is the vision of *this* life as central—hence the moral obligation to make the most of it, to "establish God's kingdom on earth," as the traditional formulation has it. But all this will be impossible of accomplishment without the economic influence which has bred modern culture: one has only to take a good look at an Indian peasant woman of twenty-five, old

* All this, of course, is in line with the position of those who take Halakhah as normative; Reform and many Conservative rabbis have tended to be permissive in this area.

† It should be noted that Feldman does occasionally lapse into apologetics by placing greater stress on the positive Jewish sources; but this does not occur often enough to vitiate the essential validity of the comparison. Considering the many stale Christian stereotypes still in circulation, regarding the superiority of New Testament love over Old Testament sternness, or Christian universalism over Jewish particularism, Feldman's effort may be a legitimate counterweight, even if it does occasionally pad the Jewish expense account.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before her time, to appreciate the moral force of IBM and Revlon.

The plain truth is that there can be no true human dignity in forced poverty—and there can be only limited dignity in limited poverty. Maimonides put this very well: "The twofold object of the Torah is the well-being of the soul and the well-being of the body. . . . [The well-being of the body] is treated [in the Torah] most carefully and minutely because the well-being of the soul can only be obtained after that of the body has been secured. . . ." True, affluence does not bestow automatic human dignity, but, as they say, it helps. The rest depends, in good measure, on the use and direction of affluence and on infusing it with values—a task for which Judaism, among other moral systems, will be unfit so long as it fails to do full justice to the morality and necessity of "materialism."

These last objections notwithstanding, I have no hesitation in commending David Feldman's study. I would suggest that as American Jews become more and more acculturated, and therefore less and less impressed with modernism in Jewish clothing, Feldman's book will be sought after. It opens the door to a direct confrontation with the classical Jewish texts and values before they are "translated and improved." It is Feldman's merit that he makes us—traditionalists, modernists, and post-modernists alike—realize that the Jewish paradigm remains impressive and worthy of imitation, even when the values set forth are not altogether congruent with our own.

Disillusioned Wisdom

NOTEBOOKS OF A DILETTANTE. By LEOPOLD TYRMAND. *Macmillan. 240 pp. $5.95.*

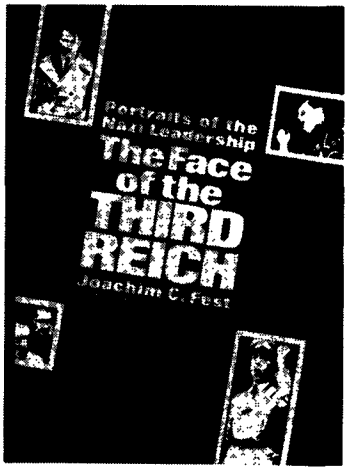
Reviewed by ANTHONY HARTLEY

WHAT IS A European intellectual to think of America in the 60's and 70's? How is he to accommodate to it his own inheritance of weary *schadenfreude*, cultural complication, and acquaintance with the stale orgies of history? Leopold Tyrmand, despite his description of himself as "a permanent resident of the United States," is a European intellectual—one who has crossed the Atlantic to escape a tyranny stifling to his writing and inimical to the free play of thought which can be detected throughout his book. Little has been lost in the passage. Tyrmand's short aphoristic paragraphs have in them the bite of the great tradition of moralists, which is the backbone of French literature, providing perhaps the most genuinely European view of man and his place in the universe. His is the disillusioned wisdom which has left enthusiasm far behind and gone beyond cynicism: an assurance which has lost its power to hurt and its astonishment at being wounded.

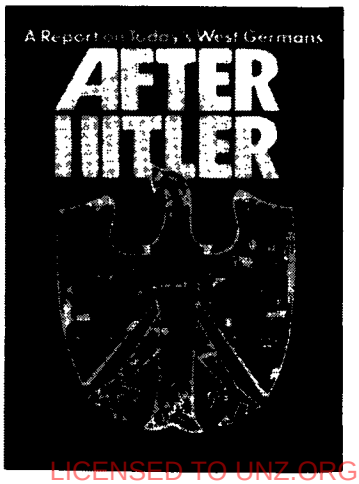
It is all the more surprising that there should be enthusiasm here. Tyrmand is enthusiastic for—of all things—America. And in this, no doubt, he reveals his European quality of always being one step behind. For, in the United States itself, it is wildly old-fashioned to be enthusiastic for America. The fugitive from Gomulka's police and censors arrives on American soil enchanted, as his forerunners have been, by the freedom of speech, the safeguards against injustice, the active and open politics which prevail here. And what does he find? Lamentation over American institutions, talk of fascism by intellectuals who regard it as a major breach of civil liberties if someone accused of intending to blow up his fellow-citizens is denied bail, nudity in the theater paraded as a "liberation." "Poor America!" he might think, and he might also ask, "Why?"

It is this question which gives its tension to Tyrmand's book. Most of his notes concern America, and he returns again and again to the same theme. "In the Communist empire . . . people are inhibited and persecuted for their craving for Americanism, which only increases their avidity, endows everything American with a charisma." Yet, in America itself, middle-class students who have never known real oppression talk of revolution and the de-

ANTHONY HARTLEY *is the editor of* Interplay *magazine and the author of* A State of England.



"This book is perhaps the most important recent addition to the literature of the Third Reich."—HANNAH ARENDT
"Fest's carefully written, deeply penetrating psychological studies of the men and conditions which brought Germany to totalitarianism, war, and catastrophe are an extraordinary work."
—ROBERT KIRSCH, *Los Angeles Times.*
Translated by Michael Bullock.
$10



An up-to-the-minute report on the daily lives of West Germans today, through interviews with the citizens of Heidelberg. The latest volume in the Pantheon "village" series. **"Remarkable frank opinions about the Nazi past and present political and social situation."**
—*Library Journal.* $6.95

Now at your bookstore
PANTHEON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struction of the "power structure"—a "power structure" of which the least one can say is that, for so demonic a construction, it seems to have extraordinary difficulty in saying boo to a goose or to an embattled member of the SDS.

THUS TYRMAND is led to contemplate the "Movement" or the "youth culture" or the "radicals"—that strange mishmash of ideas and habits which extends from Tolkien to the politics of confrontation, from marijuana to Marcuse; the world in which the young dress like Apaches and speak with the cultivated inarticulacy of the illiterate; a world of illusions where the verb "to be" is replaced by the verb "to be like." One of the most penetrating remarks in a book which swarms with such *aperçus* is the comparison of all this with the early European romantic movement—the last previous occasion on which sex and progressive politics were united in a frantic embrace. The mixture of good intentions, revolutionary politics, and sheer nonsense which goes to make up the present "Movement" in America does indeed recall the *Vie de Bohème* of the 19th century, when the occult and the scientific were still only just distinguishable from each other, and there was a wide choice of gurus. Scarpia or any other 19th-century police-president would have known what to do about Berkeley.

For a European with some consciousness of where *Sturm und Drang* led in the past—among other things to the National Socialist movement—all this is somewhat distasteful. In the sexual domain, for instance, contemporary permissiveness seems to have arrived at a point of dissociation of sex from eroticism. The ideal—busily propagated by doctors, marriage counsellors, and Cupid's other camp-followers—whereby sex is a kind of aspirin to be taken when one's constitution demands it, neglects all the delicious dialectic developed down the ages by men conscious of their fallen natures and rising desires. In this area of human life, a sense of sin is, no doubt, the equivalent of a sense of form. "Full nakedness, all joys are due to thee. . . ." For anyone who has seen the flopping forms and hirsute silhouettes of a liberated stage or screen, these lines of Donne will have the ring of bitter parody. Tyrmand is not wrong when he attributes the chilling quality of the present demonstrative sexuality of contemporary America to a lingering Puritanism. What it excludes is erotic enjoyment. The last revenge of the canting preachers of New England has been to deprive their flock of sin itself.

Tyrmand is at his best when he discusses these personal and cultural aspects of contemporary America. Politically, it may be that the United States ought to change (or is changing) more than he thinks. In his notes on Western Europe he is somewhat dismissive, but it could reasonably be argued that, at present, the United States has a good deal to learn from European experience in the area of, say, social administration. Nobody doubts that this has been an American century; to keep it so, however, Americans will need to display that capacity to learn from other people which they have shown in the past, but which, one feels at times, is now present to a somewhat lesser degree. It should be alarming for reflective Americans to encounter in so many learned devotees of the Year 2000 the tacit assumption that nobody will ever catch up with American technology, compete with American business, or get ahead of American society. This is not precisely the arrogance of power. It is far more the arrogance of the washing-machine and refrigerator. Yet it remains true that the public sector in the United States is neglected in comparison with the private. The streets of New York may be well paved and well swept in comparison with those of Nowa Huta, but any American "Poem for Adults" could hardly fail to refer to the intense air of dilapidation which hangs over the City of Cities. So one comes back to C. F. Masterman's (not J. K. Galbraith's) statement about Edwardian England: "public poverty, private ostentation." Great Britain, with all its faults and all its economic stagnation, has succeeded in redressing that balance, and there are things that can be learned from its modest achievement—among others, the importance of having modern and logical structures of local government. Cries of "community control" are no substitute for decent administration.

But, as a foreigner living in the United States, I should also agree with Tyrmand's implied verdict that American institutions have every chance of being able to cope with the problems of social disintegration now posed to them as they have coped with other problems in the past. Nothing in history is totally satisfactory, and the United States may well progress from muddle to muddle as all countries do, but it has on its side an extraordinary inheritance of political education accumulated since the foundation of the republic, a tradition of practical, moderate political activity directed toward reasonable and humane ends.

WHAT, THEN, are we to think of those who would wish to destroy that tradition? Of the intellectuals who repeat with a pleasant shudder that "power comes out of the barrel of a gun," or talk of Molotov cocktails over their martinis? No doubt, they are not aware of what they are doing. The history of Europe over the past half-century could teach them something about what happens when intellectuals play with edged tools, but history is plainly out these days. Instead there are the Philippics of Frantz Fanon (is the new Algeria really what he thought it would be?) or the Testament of Dr. Marcuse, that *revenant* from the Weimar republic. That liberal America (or perhaps merely fashionable America) should fall for all this is something of an intellectual disgrace, but it is possible, with Tyrmand, to be confident that it will be saved from the worst consequences of its own delirium. And his testimony suggests another thought: perhaps it is from those who are suffering real tyranny in Eastern Europe that the renewal of liberalism will come. One day the bravery of the dissenters in Russia, Poland, and Czechoslovakia will enter the common inheritance of Western civilization. They know the value of free political institutions and the rule of law, and one can hope that something of this can be conveyed to a generation which is squandering an irreplaceable inheritance in exchange for sophis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tries. Meanwhile, Tyrmand hacks effectively at the forest of fashionable cant around him. No doubt, the trees will scream.

Highbrowland

NOTHING BUT A FINE TOOTH COMB. By DAVID T. BAZELON. *Simon & Schuster. 447 pp. $9.95*

Reviewed by MIDGE DECTER

DAVID BAZELON is a figure who in a quieter or more orderly century might be seen by its historians to have spanned ages. He came to New York in 1943, a bright young would-be writer, and headed for Greenwich Village, still in time to catch the last reverberations of the battle on the field of radicalism engaged by his literary elders. And he remained to reflect, participate in, and finally to help direct the dizzying forced march on which World War II and its aftermath—down to this very day—set the American intellectual community. Through Marxist politics and avant-garde culture, through liberal politics and a concern for American mass culture, through philosophies for individual survival and psychologies for mass survival and on up—or if you will, back once more—to the proving-ground of such primal questions as, what is liberty and what is justice: all in the space of less than twenty years.

Bazelon became one of those literary *picaros* whose careers, in the present age of non-deferred gratifications, seem unlikely to be much emulated. He has been a sometime writer of fiction and of poetry. He has been a far more regular writer of literary criticism and movie criticism, or rather, that cross-fertilized breed of intellectual and literary endeavor that used just to be called criticism. He has been a lawyer, and as readers of this magazine of course know, the student of a far from dismal science which yet dares to call itself economics, and of a kingly rather than queenly science which ought nevertheless to call itself sociology, being a study of the true relations of power. Thus

MIDGE DECTER, *executive editor of* Harper's *magazine, contributed "Kennedyism" to our January number.*

ART —a good investment and a sure fund raiser!

Never has genuine art been made so readily available—at reasonable prices—as now. The foremost artists have come around to the realization that their finest original color lithographs, etchings and woodcuts can be made available and enjoyed by more people without the sacrifice of artistic quality. This is made possible by the greatly advanced processes only recently developed.

Now you can own original signed works, issued in limited editions, by such famous artists as Picasso, Miro, Dali, Soyer, Chagall, Jansem, and Cocteau at prices that anyone can afford! These are collectors' items—and their value increases with the years.

SURE-FIRE FUND RAISING

We have helped charitable, fraternal, philanthropic and religious institutions and organizations raise large amounts of money through our professionally conducted Art Auctions. Custom and hand-carved framed original oil paintings, watercolors, drawings and sculpture in limited editions are also offered in addition to the color lithographs and woodcuts described above. Prices range from $25 to $2500.

We handle all the details—furnish paintings, set them up, insure them, prepare ads for advertising in your local press, and supply a professional auctioneer. You don't risk a penny!

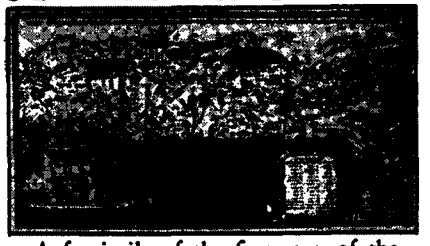
Now is the time to set up a date for the coming season. Write or call collect TODAY and ask for Mr. Shandel.

national art auction gallery, inc.
Dept. CY, 31-17 Queens Blvd., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101
212/361-1727

Now they're talking.
Isn't it time we listened?

YOUTH AGAINST THE WORLD
By Marjorie Hope. The young revolutionaries of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the U.S. speak for themselves in this flesh-and-blood portrait of "The Movement." Miss Hope's interviews with youth leaders — from the cold war through the silent generation to current student unrest —clearly reveal their ideas and goals and provide significant perspective to today's events. Illustrated with photographs. $7.95 at bookstores
Little, Brown

ANTIQUE MAP OF THE HOLY LAND



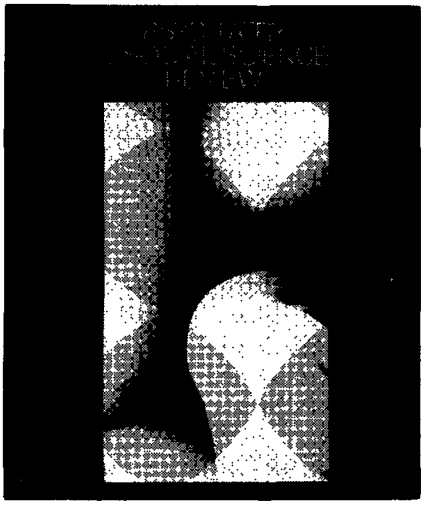
A facsimile of the first map of the Holy Land printed in Hebrew
Limited edition
Rich bistre-tone on imported handmade Apta paper. Size: 20 inches x 26 inches.
Exclusive with The Commentary Library.
Only $12.95

The Commentary Library
165 East 56th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022
Please send me_____copies of THE ANTIQUE MAP OF THE HOLY LAND at $12.95 each. My check for $_____is attached. If I am not completely satisfied I may return the purchase for a prompt refund.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE

a subscription to:
PSYCHIATRY &
SOCIAL SCIENCE REVIEW



Now you can receive the magazine that 45,000 professionals in the behavioral sciences enjoy every month. In it you'll find critical essays such as:

- **The Coming of the Wasteland in Contemporary Psychotherapy**
- **Making Riots Mandatory**
- **The Origins of Schizophrenia**
- **On Erikson and Gandhi**
- **Costs of Overcriminalization**
- **Reich Reexamined**

The prominent contributors include: Robert Lifton • Amitai Etzioni • Nathaniel Ross • Leopold Bellak • Donald Kaplan • Edward Glover

With the Review you'll automatically become a member of the Psychiatry and Social Science Book Club, a highly regarded professional club—45,000 members receive more than 80 new book offerings every year.

You need buy no books to remain a member; your only obligation is to return a card if you do not want the main selection.

Psychiatry and Social Science Book Club
59 Fourth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10003

☐ **Yes, enroll me as a member of the Book Club and send me Psychiatry & Social Science Review FREE each month. I will receive full descriptions of main and alternate selections along with a card for ordering alternate selections or no book at all.** **COM770**

Name_____

Street_____

_____ **Zip**_____

Profession_____

he is a member of that rare species of writer—growing rarer with each new graduating class—whose talents have been subordinated to the need of their possessors to know and understand rather than the other way around.

In his lengthy autobiographical introduction to this present collection of magazine pieces, Bazelon speaks of his fellow-Chicagoan, the late Isaac Rosenfeld. One is caught up short by the reminder that in its literary aspect the world is after all a very small place. For resembling neither of his most immediate compatriots, neither Isaac Rosenfeld nor Saul Bellow, in any clearly discernible way as a writer, he yet has certain enduring—can they be Chicago-bred?—qualities in common with both. In addition to their almost infuriating precocity and their special gift for saying the most serious things by way of the snappiest wisecracks, the three of them were able to sustain intact a certain original boyish vulnerability to the flesh of a shapely idea. Moreover, the driving urge behind their work, different as this work has been in all other respects, is the same: somehow to close the gap between experience and the language of experience.

In Bazelon's work, this urge has found expression through the agency of an altogether idiosyncratic and unmistakable voice. One feels impelled to say "voice," instead of the more abstractable "style," because it is of the essence of Bazelon's writing that the language appears to come to the reader straight from the mind that has conceived it, without mediation and without too much display of a prior assumption of good posture. Of course, as anyone who has ever set pen to paper knows, such an appearance is almost totally deceitful; to be successfully tough-talking and direct and slapdash involves perhaps the most delicately-balanced posture of all. Nevertheless, the attempt to come on in this way results, as I have said, in a written voice that can only and forever be David Bazelon's. How, then, to characterize it and, in so doing, something of the mind to whose necessity it answers? The voice is one far from quiet and yet precisely at its fullest volume, subject to the quickest and subtlest of modulations; very far from elegant and yet precisely at its most insistent, given to sudden flights of truly classy playfulness; the voice, in short, of a Jacob who cannot be at peace until some minimally honorable reparation has been made to his brother Esau.

THE PIECES collected in this book were written and published (a few were written and for one reason or another not published) over the course of many years. They are strung together with the kind of introductory comments so happily invented by Norman Mailer for his *Advertisements for Myself*—pitting the Man Today against the Author Then, with the whole constituting a kind of spiritual autobiography. In putting the material together, Bazelon sorted it, alas, according to theme rather than to simple chronology, an arrangement which only drives the reader to reorganize and cross-refer as he goes along.

But taken in proper historical order, *Nothing But A Fine Tooth Comb* serves as both a chastening and illuminating record—through the ideas overtly expressed as well as in the prose itself—of the collapse of a community. Bazelon introduces himself as a man who was once a son and is now a father. This theme, and it is a uniquely American one, obsesses him: was he, in his own youthful ignorance of his father's life, sinner or sinned against? and now, in relation to his son, which of these roles again? In his own terms, this growing non-community gets to be coextensive with American society itself. Or rather, to put it more sympathetically to the argument of the Man Today, American social and cultural arrangements reflect a variety of strategies for creating some ersatz of the community men have always needed and might not any more be permitted to experience. Now, there is a question as to whether Americans, as Americans, have ever enjoyed a community in this sense. If they have not, then to speak of what they *have* managed to create as a substitute, or ersatz, is unhelpful to say the least. But such questions aside—and there are several raised in or by this book,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all equally important and all equally unnerving to confront head-on—David Bazelon the thinker and writer is a man forced to live in only a tiny company of fellows. When he first arrived in New York, in that intense interlude between son-dom and fatherhood, there *was* a community to receive him. Such an experience is formative; it fixes one's expectations. To be sure, that community was small, perhaps personally scandalous, certainly intellectually litigious. But it was held togeher by a common definition of reality, a common ordination of virtues and values, and a common language. Its main source of news was *Partisan Review*, and its Sunday supplements were Dwight Macdonald's *Politics* and Elliot Cohen's COMMENTARY. Its name was Highbrowland.

Not much was properly understood about the place by those who lived elsewhere and were hostile. To the Stalinist Marranos keeping their rituals alive in cellars, it was a hated island of apostasy. To the philistines who were the innocent, or not-so-innocent, but in any case "objective," allies of these, Bazelon's short-lived community was an ingathering of arrogant and intimidating boors: men who insistently violated the hypocrisy and mental prissiness by which the middlebrows kept themselves in cultural power and served, by pretending they had no relation with them, those in economic power. In a culture growing sick and sodden with pretended refinement and a self-imposed, mincing "seriousness," Highbrowland was virtually the last enclave of he-men.

Thus, to take a small but definitive example, when Bazelon, or the late Robert Warshow, or Manny Farber, or Pauline Kael, spent their time devouring Hollywood movies, they were not rebelling against their radicalism or "buying American," as was so often charged by the professional prigs. They were asserting the demand of their spirits—exactly the same demand as that involved in their reading of Yeats or Dostoevsky or Henry James—for some vital connection between experience and profession, between who they really were and what they could claim to be of importance to them.

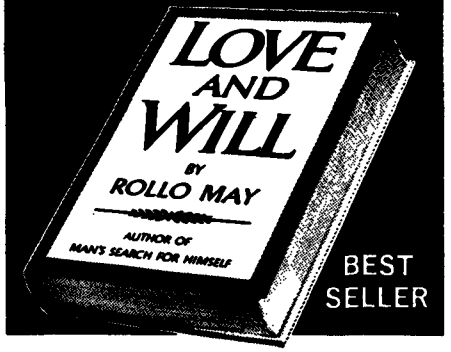
Perhaps the strain was too great. Perhaps it is too difficult to *be* a he-man in a culture which makes it so easy and so rewarding to give a merely made-up, stylized imitation of one. Perhaps again—to touch a fine Bazelon nerve—the highbrows were unwilling or somehow rendered incapable to take on the task of generation. It would take either volumes, or one genius-stroke of cultural history, to tell whatever the explanation, the parhow and why it happened; but ticular community of which I speak did not replenish itself and did not within itself resist the pressure to disintegrate. Year by year, its denizens deserted. In symposium after symposium, people said things of their past experience they knew not to be true. In review after review, critics praised works they knew to be bad. In article after article, writers offered a liturgical recitation of passions they knew themselves not to feel. All in the name of expressing a relation to America which denied the very virtues of mind and spirit that had once brought them all together—honesty, hardness of mind, fineness of sensibility, and the abjuration of cant. And in the expression of that false relation, the pretending not to know things they in fact knew, one by one they were gathered into the waiting arms of the enemy, the philistine middlebrow, freed now from his concealed devotions and no longer timid. These symposia contributions, reviews, and articles were no small acts; the willful violation of language is the destruction of community.

Small wonder, then, that in surveying his work Bazelon finds one of its central themes to be the need for some workable substitute for what he once believed himself to possess. Very likely he imagines it is now *his* turn to become a Marrano, to husband the faith in secret where it will be out of danger. He is one of a tiny band of stragglers (as is, still the compatriot, Saul Bellow) and the winds are howling through the empty places. But let him take heart. Soon, very soon, will begin the trek of footsore refugees returning home, crying woe, and requiring the likes of Bazelon to administer relief.

RAISE FUNDS
with Commentary Cards!
So Beautiful...
they sell themselves. Your members will be proud to use these exquisite art reproductions as notepaper, holiday or greeting cards. The cards are magnificent color reproductions of timeless Jewish art... ancient manuscripts, embroidered Torah wrappers, even modern masters like Chaim Gross. Each card is worthy of a frame! Liberal discounts to organizations. Write for details today.
COMMENTARY CARDS
165 East 56th St. New York, N.Y. 10022

WHAT IS THE FUTURE FOR ISRAEL?
Write to:
Box 312
Upper Darby, Pa.

For advertising rates and circulation information—
write or call
Martin Edelston
Commentary
165 E. 56 St., N.Y. 10022
Plaza 1-4000

Is it sex or love we need to know more about?


At all bookstores, $6.95
Norton
55 Fifth Ave./N.Y. 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENTARY REPORTS

Commentary Reports are published by *Commentary* magazine for social scientists, political scientists, educators, librarians, and students.

THE CITY

- ☐ THE FAILURE OF URBAN RENEWAL: A Critique and Some Proposals by Herbert J. Gans
- ☐ P. S. 165 by Richard Schickel
- ☐ UP FROM APATHY — THE WOODLAWN EXPERIMENT by Charles E. Silberman
- ☐ POVERTY PROBLEMS by Daniel P. Moynihan
- ☐ THE NEW YORK SCHOOL CRISIS by Maurice J. Goldbloom
- ☐ THE BETRAYAL OF THE AMERICAN CITY by David Danzig & John Feild

WORLD AFFAIRS

- ☐ THE FUTURE OF CAPITALISM by Robert L. Heilbroner
- ☐ SOCIALISM AND THE FUTURE by Robert L. Heilbroner
- ☐ THE LEGACY OF CHE GUEVARA by Norman Gall
- ☐ "BONN IS NOT WEIMAR": Reflections on the Radical Right in Germany by Walter Laqueur

☐ IMPERIALISM by George Lichtheim

A major study of the crucial problem of our time. Includes the history, theory, and analysis of Imperialism.

60 pages

Only a limited number of issues are available.

Includes Study Guide $2.25

- ☐ COMMUNISM IN ASIA by Donald S. Zagoria
- ☐ THE ARAB REFUGEES: A Zionist View by Marie Syrkin
- ☐ THE ARMENIAN GENOCIDE by Marjorie Housepian
- ☐ LATIN AMERICA: THE CHURCH MILITANT by Norman Gall

☐ THE DOMINICAN REVOLT. Theodore Draper. New 208-page paperback based on his Administration-shaking article in Commentary. $2.50

- ☐ FIVE YEARS OF CASTRO'S CUBA by Theodore Draper
- ☐ CHINA'S STRATEGY: A Critique by Donald S. Zagoria
- ☐ CHINESE VISIONS & AMERICAN POLICIES by Benjamin Schwartz

AMERICAN POLITICS

- ☐ THE SHAPE OF AMERICAN POLITICS by Richard N. Goodwin
- ☐ IS ELECTORAL REFORM THE ANSWER? by Alexander M. Bickel
- ☐ THE DEMOCRATS AFTER 1968 by Penn Kemble
- ☐ COUNTERREVOLUTIONARY AMERICA by Robert L. Heilbroner
- ☐ THE FAILURE OF THE WARREN REPORT by Alexander M. Bickel
- ☐ THE PROBLEM OF THE NEW LEFT by Tom Kahn
- ☐ THE NEW LEFT AND ITS LIMITS by Nathan Glazer
- ☐ CONSERVATISM AFTER GOLDWATER by David Danzig
- ☐ BIG BUSINESS & THE DEMOCRATS by David T. Bazelon
- ☐ THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY by Alan F. Westin
- ☐ A GUIDE TO REAGAN COUNTRY: The Political Culture of Southern California by James Q. Wilson
- ☐ THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY A DEFECTIVE INSTITUTION? by Marcus Cunliffe
- ☐ LIBERAL ANTI-COMMUNISM REVISITED: A Symposium $1.00

INTERRELIGIOUS

- ☐ HANNAH ARENDT ON EICHMANN: A Study in the Perversity of Brilliance by Norman Podhoretz
- ☐ VATICAN II & THE JEWS by F. E. Cartus
- ☐ THE JEWS: HOW WE ARE by Milton Himmelfarb
- ☐ AMERICAN CATHOLICISM AFTER THE COUNCIL by Michael Novak
- ☐ CHURCH AND STATE: HOW HIGH A WALL? by Milton Himmelfarb
- ☐ THE TRIAL OF JESUS by Paul Winter

CIVIL RIGHTS

- ☐ "BLACK POWER" AND COALITION POLITICS by Bayard Rustin
- ☐ THE PRESIDENT & THE NEGRO: THE MOMENT LOST by Daniel P. Moynihan

PRICES: fifty cents each
Twenty-five or more: — 20% discount
The quantity price applies whether the same or assorted reports are shipped to the same address.

Minimum order: $3.00

POSTAGE is prepaid on orders shipped via Parcel Post or third class mail. Please allow 21 days for normal delivery. For faster service add 75¢ for special handling charges.

Institutions can be billed.

- ☐ IN DEFENSE OF "BLACK POWER" by David Danzig
- ☐ THE WATTS "MANIFESTO" & THE McCONE REPORT by Bayard Rustin
- ☐ MUTUAL AID AND THE NEGRO by John Slawson
- ☐ THE MEANING OF NEGRO STRATEGY by David Danzig
- ☐ FROM PROTEST TO POLITICS: THE FUTURE OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT by Bayard Rustin
- ☐ THE NEGRO & THE NEW YORK SCHOOLS by Midge Decter
- ☐ THE LESSONS OF THE LONG HOT SUMMER by Bayard Rustin
- ☐ MY NEGRO PROBLEM — AND OURS by Norman Podhoretz

OTHER REPORTS

- ☐ THE ORIGINS OF HUMAN BONDS by Selma Fraiberg
- ☐ STUDENT REVOLTS by Walter Laqueur
- ☐ THE POLITICAL THOUGHT OF HERBERT MARCUSE by George Kateb

☐ THE NEW YORK INTELLECTUALS: A Chronicle & A Critique by Irving Howe $1.00

- ☐ THE POVERTY OF AFFLUENCE by Robert Lekachman

☐ QUACKERY IN THE CLASSROOM by Samuel McCracken, professor of literature and the humanities at Reed College.

A critical analysis of today's fashionable educational theorists, including John Holt, George Leonard, and George Dennison. The Report exposes the weaknesses in the current demands for radical school reform.

Includes Study Guide 75 cents

ORDER FORM

Quantity	TITLE	PRICE

COMMENTARY REPORTS
165 E. 56 ST. NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022

Sub Total _____
Less 20% on orders of 25 or more _____
Total _____

Minimum order $3.00; institutions or companies can be billed; shipping paid on prepaid orders.

SHIP THIS ORDER TO _____ DATE _____

NAME _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____ COUNTY _____

TITLE _____

INSTITUTION OR COMPANY _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cutty people know.
Only one American in forty knows the taste of Cutty. But that's enough to make Cutty Sark America's best-selling Scotch. Join the Cutty people. Cutty people know.
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD LONDON
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland under British Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
bottled by
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
3 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1
Product of Scotland
America's No. 1 Scotch.
THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED